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Vol. CLXXXII No. 2372 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 7 1945

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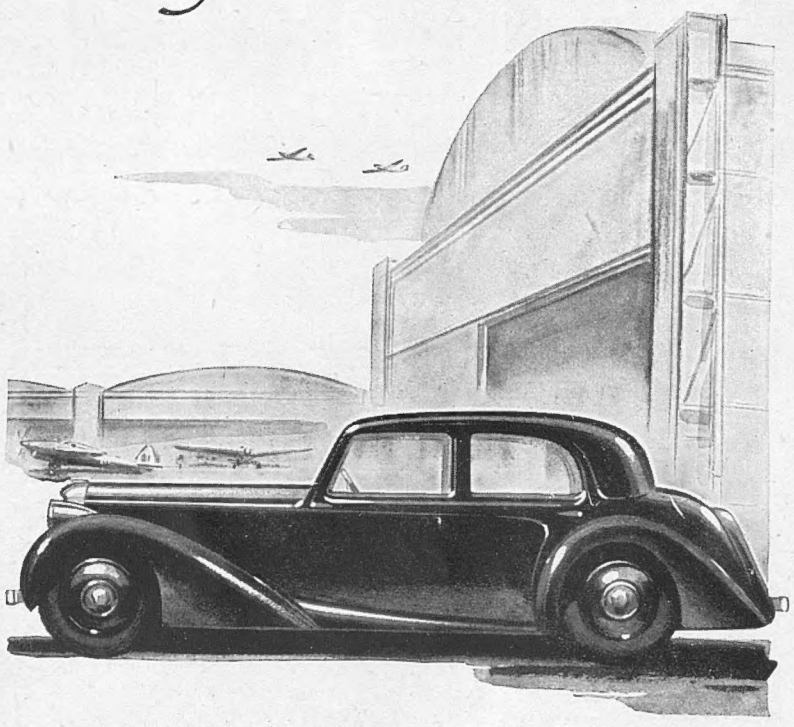

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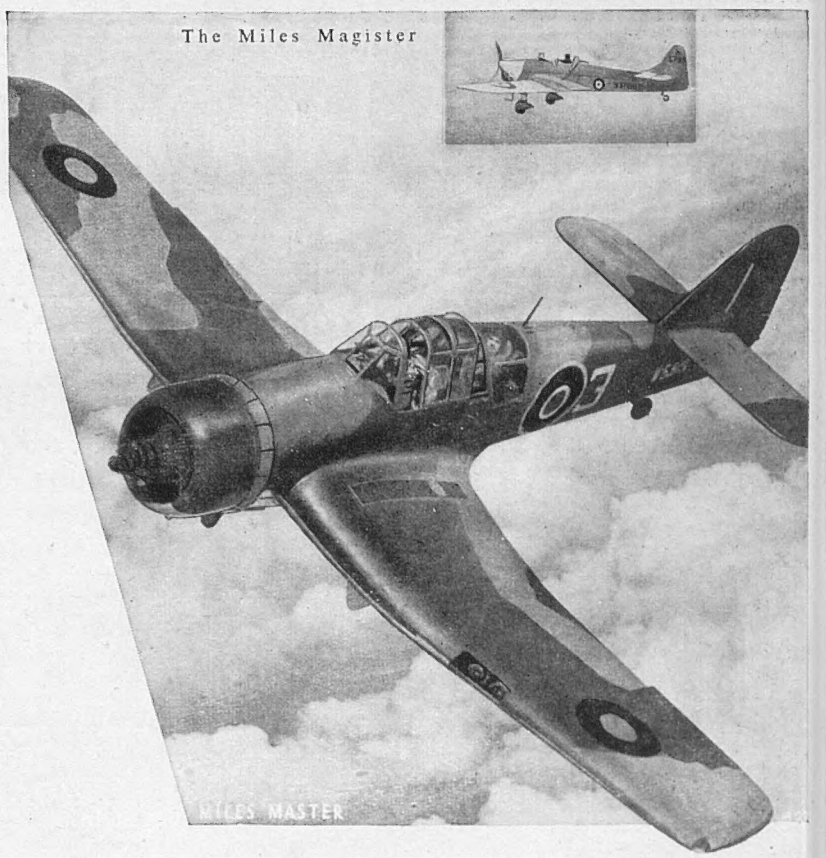

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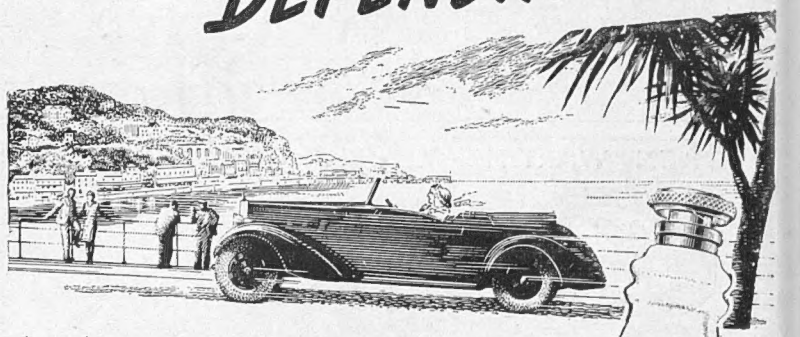

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THE SPHERE
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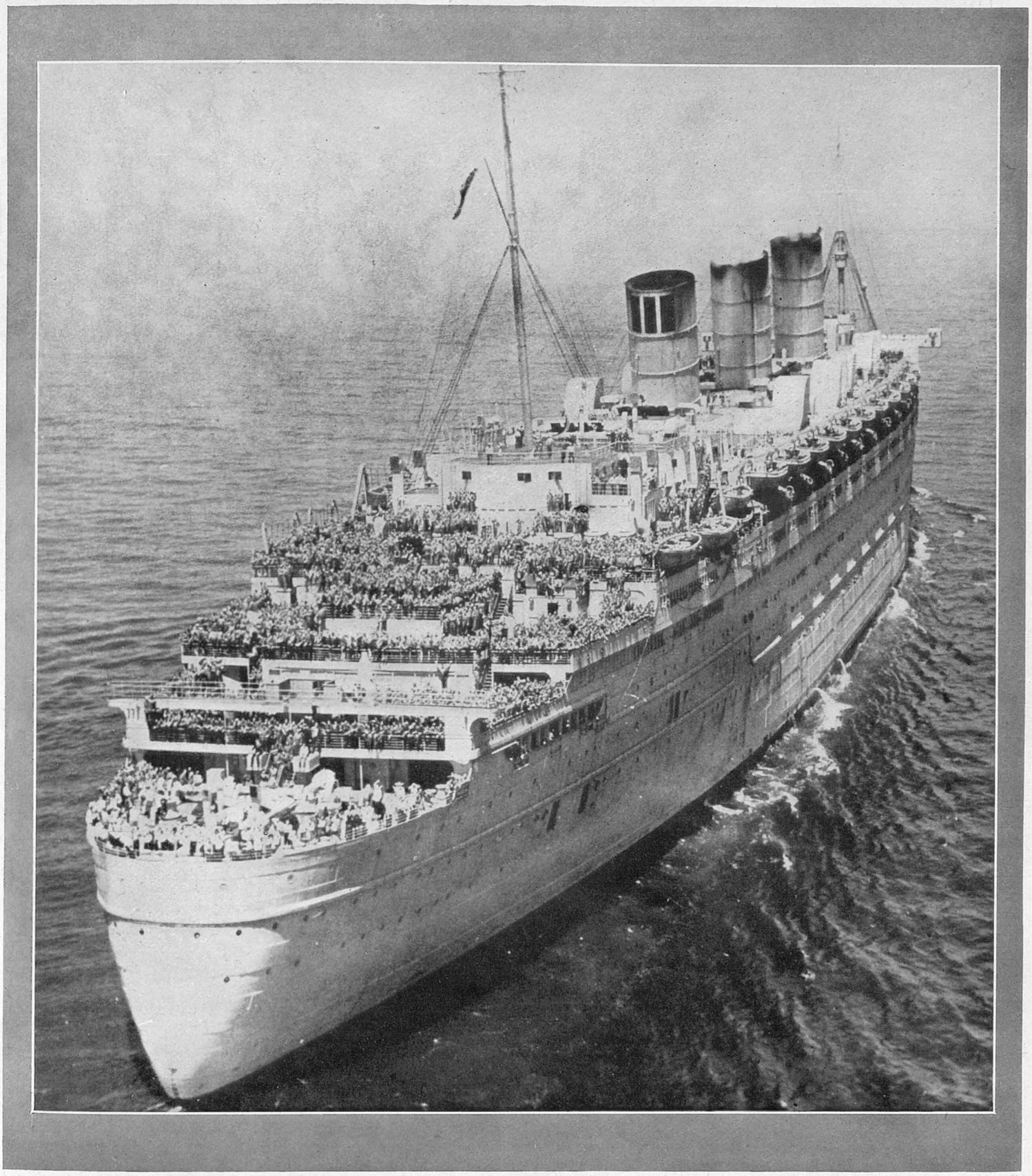

HOMEWARD-BOUND AMERICAN TROOPS RE-CROSS TO THE UNITED STATES ON THE GIANT BRITISH LINER "QUEEN MARY": The first cross-Atlantic voyage that vessel has undertaken since Victory Day, with 14,000 American soldiers crowding her decks

Now that the war in Europe is over, the hundreds of thousands of American soldiers who helped to bring it to a victorious conclusion are already being transported back to the United States, for transfer to the Pacific area or for a return to industrial life. Many big liners are engaged on this task, including the huge *Queen Mary*. This liner, which made a number of rapid runs during the war through submarine-infested seas, is admirably adapted for "trooping": her capacious interior was stripped a few years ago and bunks installed; she can now transport 14,000 men. The picture reproduced above was taken as the great liner was nearing the end of her run and entering New York Bay: it was made from a helicopter flown by the U.S. Coast Guard

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 305

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Good Riddance.—When this note sees print, the General Election will be decided; a new Government will be clearing the decks for action and some at least of the tumult and the shouting will have died. I am not a "betting man"; if I were, I should wager a shade of odds on the return of the Conservative-National Government—perhaps more than a shade. The technique of the late election was crude; less finesse than bludgeoning, less riposte than *tu quoque*! But, such as it was, the technique of Mr. Churchill's party (as it seemed to me) was a trifle more effective and less crude than that of the Socialists. The Socialists could not conceal the rifts in their ranks, and so admitted more than one serious infiltration by the "enemy." Loyalty is indeed a tremendous asset to a Government, an army, a party, a family. And I think it is a lesson hard to learn, and one that needs generations of education or really constant and effective discipline by the example of great leadership. The Socialists were often outmanœuvred. As for the Liberals, their cause might have been good and promising: Liberalism is ripe for revival. But Sir Archibald Sinclair, in an evil hour of decision, in my opinion, once more threw a bucket of water on the smouldering ashes of a once great party. At this hour, Liberalism and Conservatism are in truth one. There is no distinction whatever between their policies and programmes. Liberalism had nothing new to offer; sat on the fence and remains there, dangling its feet. Had the Sinclair Liberals gone in with Churchill's National Government, I believe that a great future might have been assured to Liberalism within a decade. For of this I am sure: whatever party heads the polls, whatever Government emerges from the boxes, that Government will be bitterly criticised soon enough; many of its promises must perforce prove piecrust; however honest, however determined, however lucky it be, the new Government cannot hope for even 70 per cent. fulfilment of its plans for the next four years. The times are far too dangerous, the future far too imponderable, the obstacles far too many, for steady progress or for majority approval for any length of time.

The Liberals.—As a humble student of history, I must quarrel with Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's assertion that Britain's finest hours were all enjoyed under the ægis of Liberalism. During the Conservative administrations of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, some pretty "fine hours" came to Britain; not excluding the period of Lord Liverpool's long and vulnerable administration in conditions of appalling difficulty. "How was it he survived a single Session?" asked Sir Herbert Maxwell in the *Creevey Papers*. And his answer was pat: the Liberals or Whigs quarrelled among themselves, sat on the fence, and were impotent to overturn a tottering skittle. I was nurtured in Liberalism. A few months ago I saw at long last a bright dawn for Liberalism once more, and in the not-distant future. It seemed to me that, if the Liberal Party "stuck it out" under National Government until the Japanese war was ended, the difficulties which lie ahead of whatever Government be in power in the next two vital years would ensure that Liberalism would get a hearing and perhaps win the support of millions of voters disappointed by one or other of the great parties. I was prepared to bet that the cry would be: "Let the Archdeacon (Liberalism) have a try"—as in the *Irish R.M* The gods of Liberalism thought otherwise—and, as I think wrongly And, having decided to stand on their own legs, they offer the voter nothing that is not in the Conservative programme, and announce no practical plan to bring about any one of the generalisations concerning reform, welfare and betterment which figure vaguely in a hastily-dressed shop-window. They may win some seats, but they have lost a rare chance of a real come-back within the next decade.

Mr. Eden's Persuasiveness.—Mr. Eden never showed to better advantage than in his first election broadcast. He is a very rare visitor to the microphone, which is greatly to his advantage to-day. He revealed himself as a great statesman, with any amount of dignity and sincerity and even serenity, and as a very competent and confident Foreign Secretary. Nor did he stir up the mud or throw brick-bats. I think he must have appealed to and persuaded thousands upon thousands of thinking men and women who belong to no party because they believe the times are not ripe for a return to party politics, or because they cannot see that in immediately vital matters any differences in policy can be found in the stocks-in-trade of the parties I believe that this non-party element of voters is larger than ever before and may turn the scale in the Election. Every party is pledged to two priorities: to hasten the victory over Japan, and to resettle Europe in equity and peace; and in the sphere of domestic politics, each party has its "Beveridge" charter to put on the Statute Book. Mr. Churchill throughout his great rallying campaign in the North, and Mr. Eden from the peace of West Sussex, both have argued, persuasively enough in their different manners, that, since these things are so and must remain so for a year or more, continuity of experience and national unity are the best team to drag the coach out of the quagmire. I only wish that the Northern tour and the Sussex broadcast had fallen within the first four days of July. The British memory is so lamentably short and election crowds are so easily swayed by the last slogan, the latest stunt. But I bank on the sense and balance of the millions of electors who, being non-party, think for themselves.

O Fortunatos!—The National Institute for the Deaf just before election day wrote to deplore that no special facilities had been afforded the deaf to enjoy the spate of election oratory. I am deaf myself. Alas! not quite deaf enough. O fortunatos, sua si bona norint . . .! I will sum up on this note. The oratory of all elections is crude, even deplorable. This one was no exception. Indeed, it touched bottom and stirred the slimiest mud. I will now give away the prizes: 1st prize: Mr. Eden. 2nd: Sir W. Beveridge. Equal 3rd: Sir John Anderson and Mr. Butler. Consolation prize: Mr. Attlee. All the women were utterly deplorable, feline and futile. The bulk of the Socialist speakers have so much to learn of the technique of the microphone that they were totally outshadowed by their rivals. The British public may not be highly educated en masse, but it is not a horde of gaping crétins. Finally, Mr. Churchill. In wartime he proved a master orator before the microphone. In the Election dog-fight, he did not. But when he was facing vast audiences of men in the open air, he proved himself the master persuader of them all. And now, at last, it is over. Do I pity the poor deaf? Not at election time.

World Charter.—A scrap of paper or the greatest document in history? Only time and test can decide, the tests of many years, decades, generations. (It is worth mentioning that the Elizabethans "had never heard" of Magna Carta—that is brought out in Mr. John Palmer's great book on Shakespeare's political characters.) I must say something about this San Francisco achievement, and I can say nothing useful of myself as yet, for I have not closely studied the terms and can never "catch up" on the atmosphere in which they were thrashed out. Of all the men who watched and worked and helped and hoped on the spot, General Smuts seems nearest to my ideals. He has declared that this Charter is not a perfect document. It is full of compromises over a very difficult and tangled plan for peace—but it *is* a substantial and real advance on all previous plans for security. It provides for a peace with teeth. . . . Good will and good faith are written or implied in every provision of this great document. . . . There it is; if the good will and good faith be wanting at any crisis, it is a scrap of paper. The Charter has scotched the snake, we may be sure; not killed it. Nothing can kill it but good will and good faith *concreted as eternal*. You cannot concrete good will for all time, or any time, by setting signatures to paper. The whole structure stands on the continued unity of the peace-loving nations. The letter here is much, but the spirit is everything. We may go forward with thankfulness and hope, and ceaseless vigilance, along the first stretch of the long road to the temple of Peace and Sanity among nations.

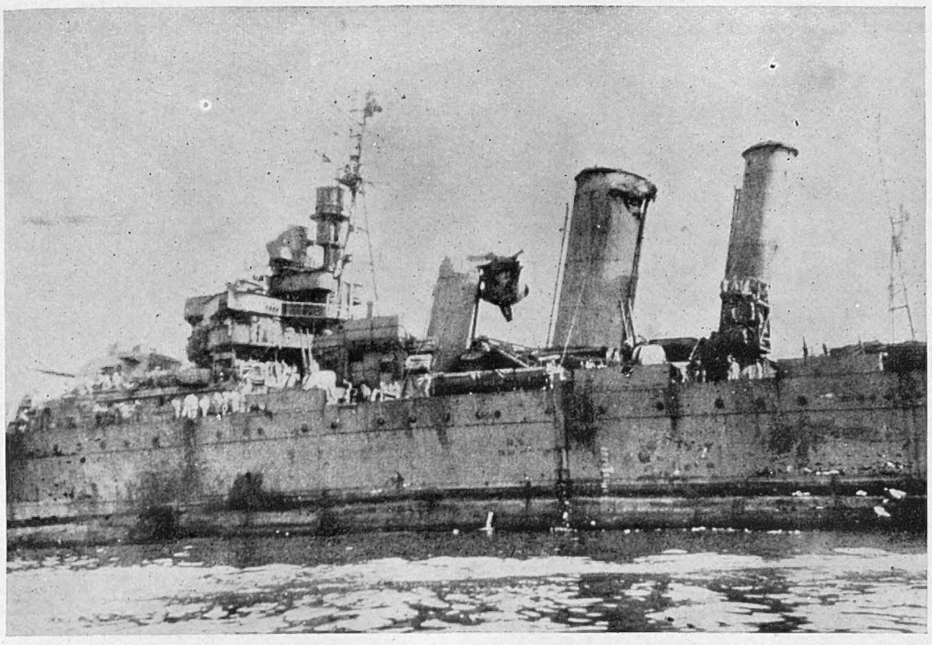
THE PRINCESS AND THE BABY: Princess Elizabeth with a crippled child in Sussex. She is nursing little Maurice Occleshaw, six months old, and one of the youngest inmates of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, Sussex, during a recent visit by the Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. The Royal party toured the wards and spoke to crippled children. Gifts of work done at the Schools were presented to them

De Gaulle and the Union Jack.—The story of General de Gaulle and the banishment of Lady Spears' hospital unit is, I hope and trust, a canard. The details published concerning this incident on June 25 were really too bad to be true, and I look confidently to a correcting report. For this first report implies in the Leader of France a petulance, a small-mindedness, a tyranny, which are not to be believed and hardly to be endured. Indeed, it comes out of the "book of Hitler." It is precisely the sort of gust of rage which carried Hitler to the performance of a score of actions and decisions, by way of reprisal or revenge, which could only be justified in a neurotic or a man dominated by a deficiency complex The French nation, any great nation, must squirm under such an action done in its name. I am unwilling to believe it true. I am confident that we have not heard the whole truth.

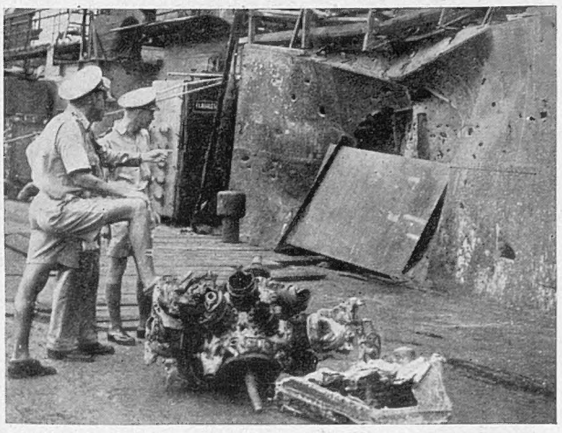
Met on the Road.—I have met of late on the roads of England both good and bad. It is *good* to see again a few short sections of those once well-known, oft-trod roads—it gives all the thrills of pioneer exploration. But it is *bad* for worn, *ersatz* tyres to meet such quantities of sharp flints. It seems odd to me, in view of the tyre situation, that road repair has developed into dumping cartloads of arrow-head flints on the parts affected. I average two punctures to every 50 miles, or four punctures to my month's allowance of basic. And when I meet with trouble on the road, I am rather helpless and want friends-in-need. It is *good* to find them. Never since I was a boy have I met with so much good nature and helpfulness in perfect strangers, as I meet to-day on the newly-open road. I am quite certain that one good thing has come out of this war—we are a more kindly, friendly, helpful race. We have shed a lot of selfishness and snobbery and suspicion. Our hearts are softer. The flint is on the road: it has left the human heart. Not only on the road but on every resumed social occasion I see welcome signs that people are much more disposed to be kind and helpful and civil, and even sympathetic, one to another. It is the most hopeful augury for the future of Britain which I can see in the fog of electioneering and the mists that hide the immediate future.

THE OLD STAGER

LATE NEWS-PICTURES FROM ABROAD



THE AUSTRALIAN CRUISER WHICH WAS HIT BY JAPANESE SUICIDE PLANES IN THE PACIFIC : A view of the port side of the R.A.N.S. "Australia," showing the damage caused to the bridge and deck. This damage has now been repaired in New York

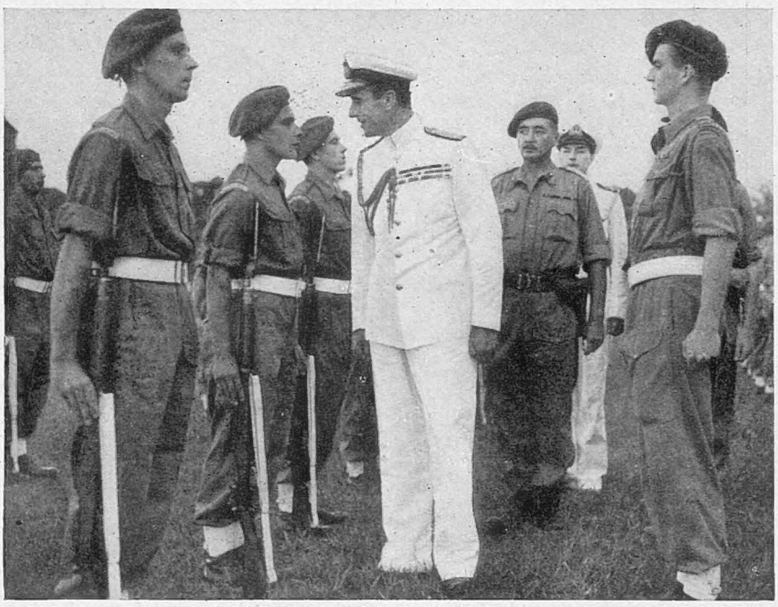


WHERE THE SUICIDE PLANE STRUCK THE SUPERSTRUCTURE : The battered Jap motor lies in the foreground

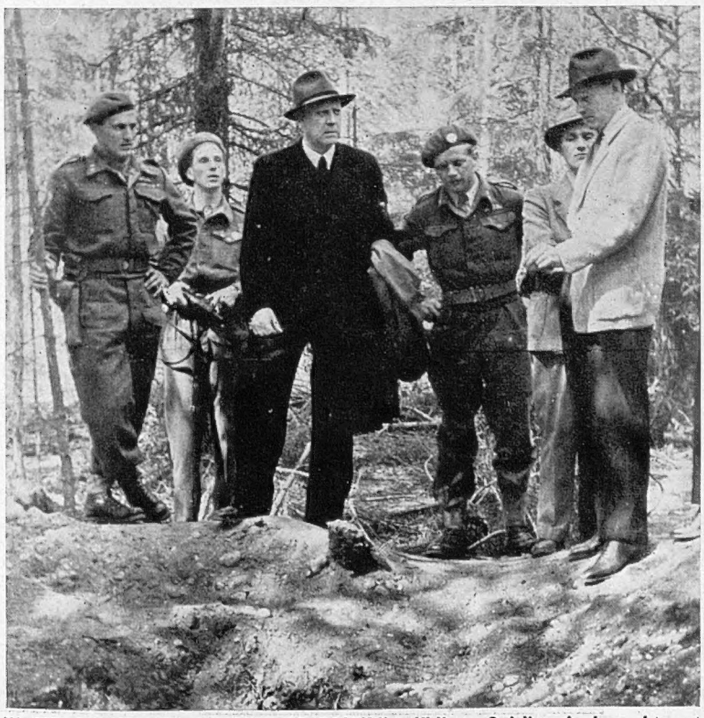
These two pictures have only just been released. They were taken in January, when the cruiser *Australia* was taking part in operations in the Philippines at Lingayen Gulf. Five Jap suicide planes dived at the vessel and killed 74 of her crew and wounded another 152. The *Australia* survived the attack, however, and returned to New York, where temporary repairs were completed by June 20

AT THE VICTORY PARADE IN RANGOON : The three Service Commanders-in-Chief—Air Marshal Sir Keith Park (Air) ; Admiral Sir Arthur Power (East Indies Fleet) ; and Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese (Army)

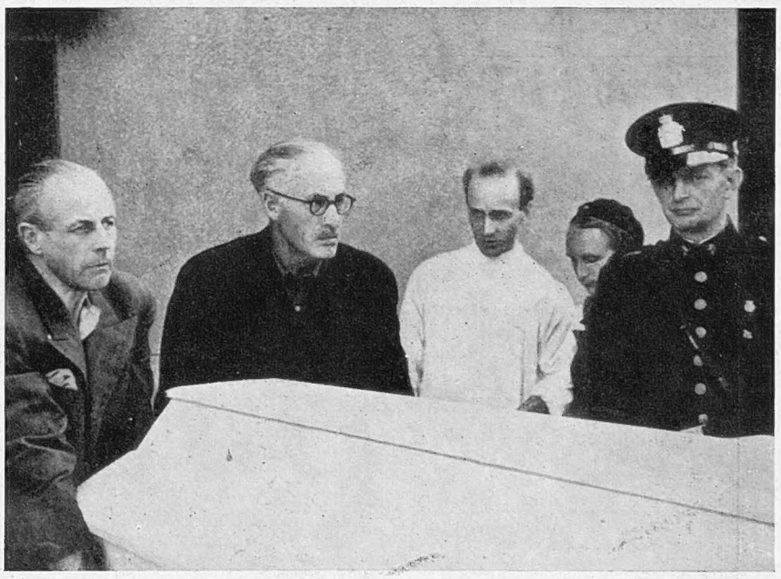
The two pictures given here were taken last month, when Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander, and Air Marshal Sir Keith R. Park, Allied Air Commander-in-Chief, and the Chiefs of the Allied Services, attended the Victory Parade held in Rangoon. This took place in a monsoon downfall, and very shortly everyone was soaked. Despite the torrential rain, however, veteran fighter-bombers, Mosquitoes, Liberators and other aircraft took part in the fly-past. R.A.F. Regiment units in the parade were led by their own pipe band, mostly Scotsmen. In tribute to their arduous task in the Burma campaign, 800 airmen, both ground and air crews, formed the guard of honour of the R.A.F. Regiment



THE SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, stops to speak to one of the gunners of the R.A.F. Regiment who formed the guard of honour at the Rangoon Victory Parade

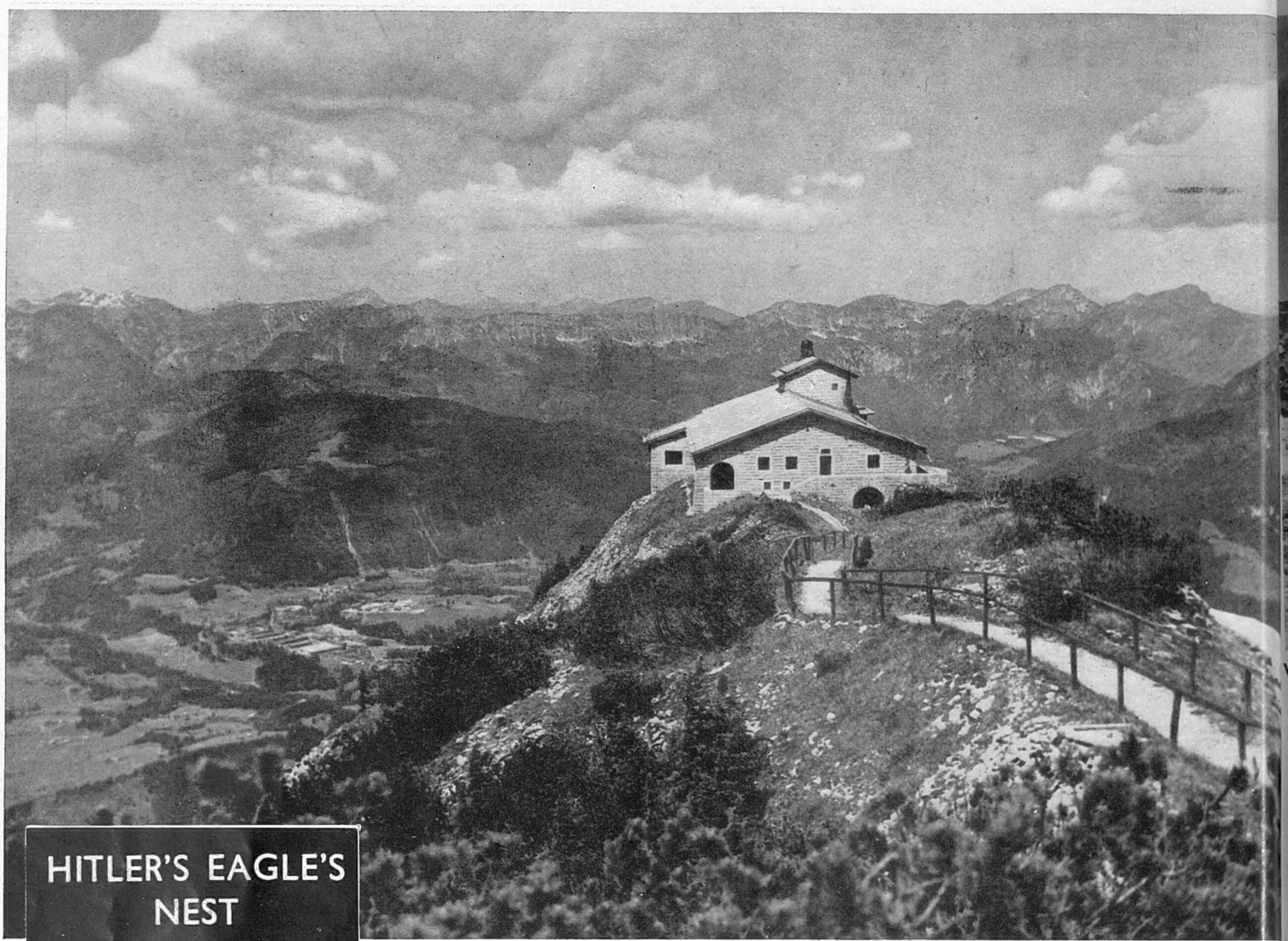


IN THE NORWEGIAN "FOREST OF DEATH" : Vidkun Quisling is brought out of prison and forced to witness the graves of Norwegian patriots shot by the Germans at Trandum. The murders were carried out secretly



TWO QUISLINGS ARE FORCED TO CARRY THE COFFINS OF THE TRANDUM FOREST VICTIMS—Riisnes and Fretheim ("Minister of Agriculture") at their grim task

For some time rumours circulated among the few inhabitants in the Trandum district of Norway that in the Trandum Forest scores of Norwegian patriots had been murdered and buried by the Germans. Since Norway's liberation, it has been possible to verify this and other rumours of German atrocities in Norway. On islands and in forests, and other rarely-frequented places, mass graves have been discovered containing the bodies of Norwegians killed by the Gestapo. To hide all visible traces of the graves, new trees were planted over them. The unearthing of the graves in Trandum Forest has now proceeded for a week, and so far more than ninety bodies have been disclosed, taken from seven mass graves. There are at least eight more graves to be opened. Notorious quisling "Ministers" have been taken out of gaol to carry the bodies into the Institute. The prisoners were taken in batches of three and four, and forced to stand at the edge of the mass graves which had been dug ready. They were tied together in pairs and shot



HITLER'S EAGLE'S NEST

Now in American Occupation

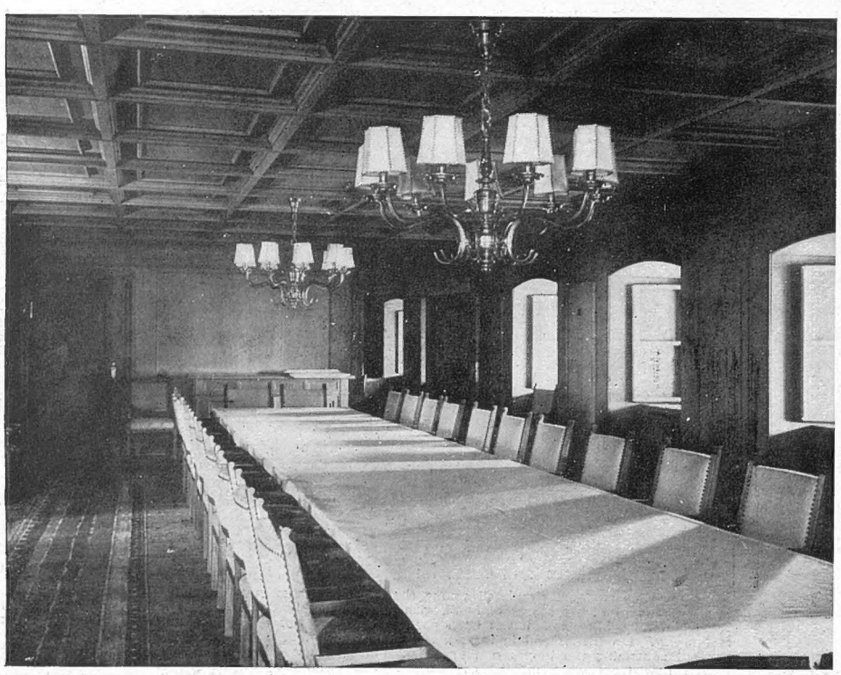
—A New Series of Pictures Showing the Bavarian Mountain Retreat of the Dead Fuhrer

THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP: A VIEW OF THE "EAGLE'S NEST" ABOVE BERCHTESGADEN, with the Bavarian Alps in the background. At the lower left is a small section of the town, almost a mile below in the valley

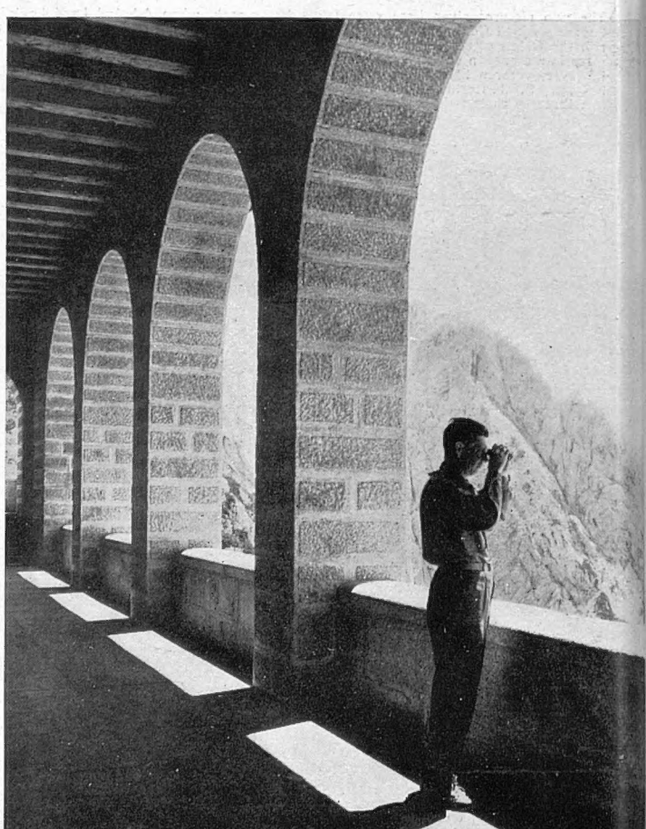
The "Eagle's Nest" was built for Adolf Hitler in 1938. It stands on the peak of a mountain which is nearly a mile higher than the surrounding valley. This house, overlooking the town of Berchtesgaden and much higher than the Führer's own residence, the Berghof, was made of granite carved out of the nearby mountain-side: it was used by Hitler for important conferences or when he wished for complete solitude.

Facing north-west, one can see Berchtesgaden in the valley at the base of the mountain, 3,000 ft. below; facing north are the ruins of the Berghof, Hitler's mountain retreat which was destroyed by bombs before the fall of Germany. Also to the north, fifteen miles away, is the Austrian city of Salzburg. In all other directions are the towering Bavarian and Austrian Alps. It is a place of great scenic beauty which is now visited daily by groups of American soldiers.

To reach the "Nest," visitors climb almost 4,000 ft. up a winding road; then park their vehicles 500 ft. below the actual summit and reach the top by a footpath. There is an intricate elevator system from the base of the mountain to the top, but it is not now in use, because of the possibility of mines. The walls and roof of the "Nest" are from 3 to 10 ft. thick, and the interiors have been built of imported hard woods. There are only four main rooms in the building, and there are no sleeping quarters.

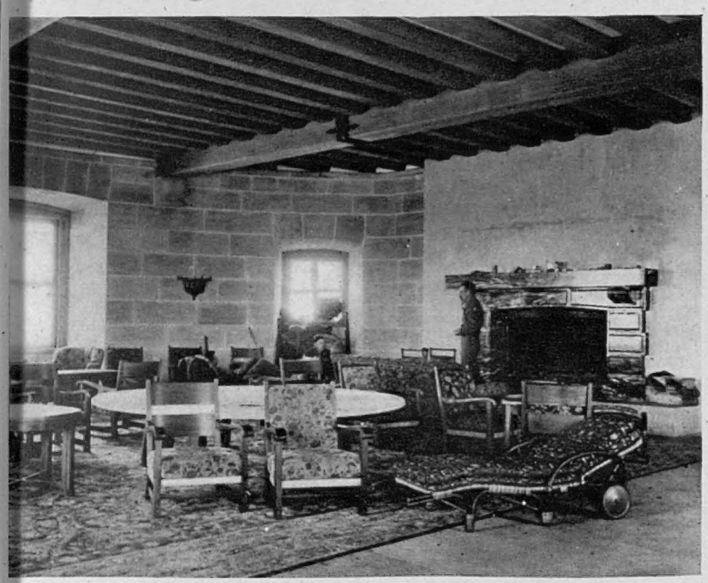


THE GREAT CONFERENCE ROOM AND DINING-HALL AT THE "EAGLE'S NEST": The table could be set for twenty-six persons. Here were held many Nazi victory celebrations, and here plans were dreamed of world conquest. The sheer beauty and solitude of the mountain-peak eyrie probably contributed to Hitler's idea that he was all-powerful

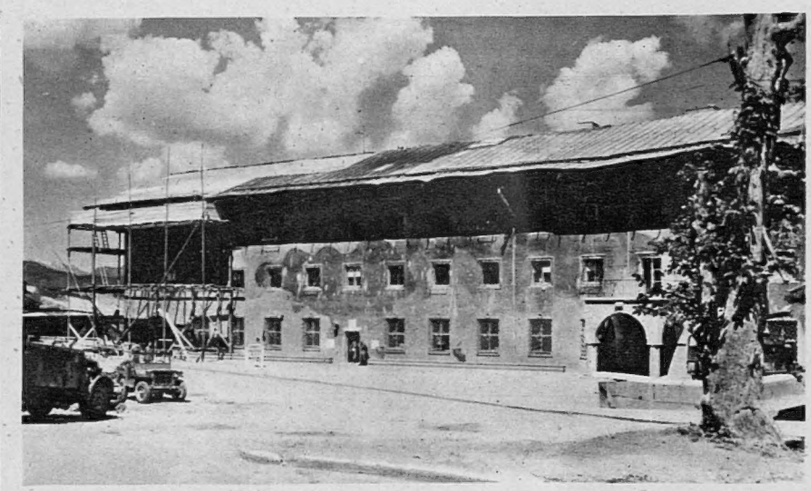


AN AMERICAN SOLDIER GAZES OUT AT THE AUSTRIAN ALPS FROM THE MAIN BALCONY: The granite columns are 3 ft. thick and the stone blocks were carved out of the mountain-side

WHERE GOERING LIVED AT BERCHTESGADEN : THIS WAS THE REICHSMARSCHALL'S OWN VILLA UP IN THE MOUNTAINS, HALF A MILE FROM THE FÜHRER'S BERGHOF. At other places near by, other Nazi leaders had similar residences, so that all could gather quickly at their Leader's command. Goering's house was bombed by Allied aircraft in April of this year and partly demolished



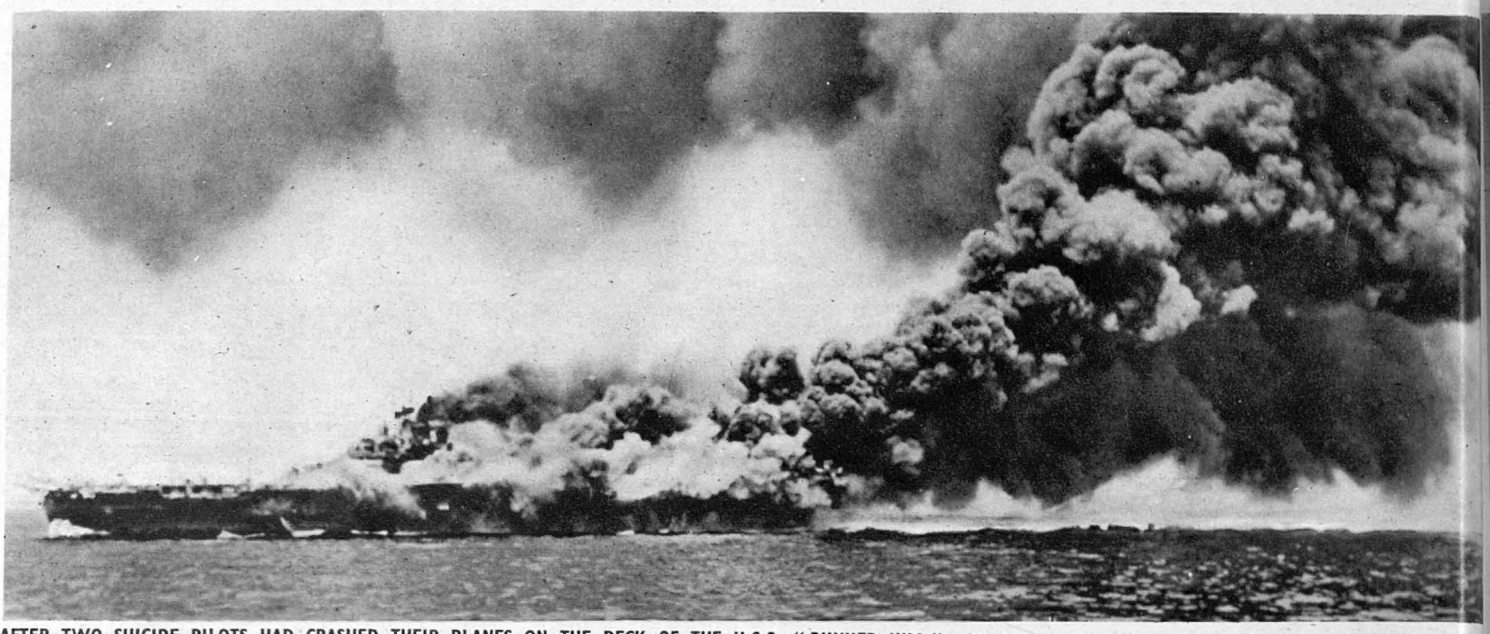
PART OF THE CIRCULAR GRAND LOBBY OF THE "EAGLE'S NEST" : The room is about 50 ft. in diameter and has numerous windows looking out over the Alps. It is now being used by the American troops in occupation of this portion of the Reich



THE PLATTEHOF, PART OF THE GROUP OF BUILDINGS IN HITLER'S RETREAT AT BERCHTESGADEN : This was the hotel for important visitors ; it was partially destroyed by Allied bombs in April, and is now being used as a Command Post for a battalion of the 327th Glider Infantry Division

THIS WAS FORMERLY THE GARAGE FOR VISITORS TO THE BERGHOF : The upstairs portion was a barracks for employees at the garage at the Plattehof, and other servants. Like many other buildings in the vicinity, it was destroyed by bombs earlier this year

THE QUARTERS FOR THE S.S. GUARDS NEAR BERCHTESGADEN : These men were responsible for the Führer's safety during his visits to the Berghof. Their barracks were entirely destroyed in the air attacks of April 1945



AFTER TWO SUICIDE PILOTS HAD CRASHED THEIR PLANES ON THE DECK OF THE U.S.S. "BUNKER HILL": Blazing decks, burning petrol and exploding bombs and rockets send up dense black clouds after the aircraft-carrier had been hit. The flames soared 1,000 ft. into the sky, and it took eight hours before they were brought under control

AFTER A JAP SUICIDE ATTACK

Scenes on Board the American Carrier "Bunker Hill" off Okinawa

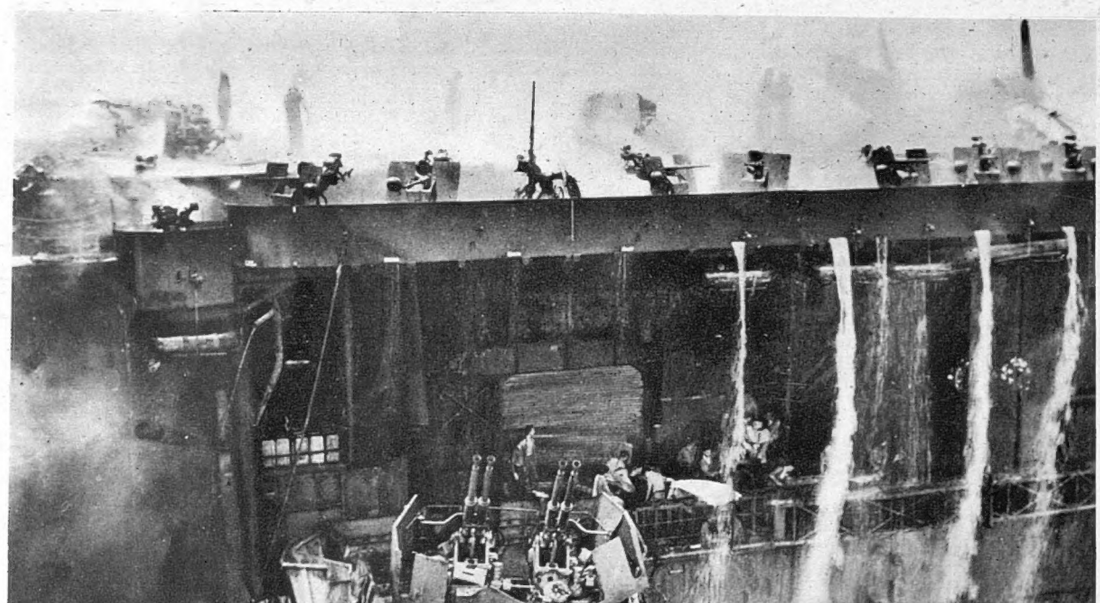
On May 11, 1945, the 27,000-ton Essex-cl carrier *Bunker Hill* was off the island Okinawa, in the Pacific, assisting in the invas operations. On her deck were thirty-four waiti aircraft, when three Japanese suicide planes ca hurtling down. The first hit the ship fair and squa a delayed-action bomb pierced the flight-de and passed through the side of the hull, sendi the parked aircraft flying "like ninepins."

Before a move could be made to fight the flame another "Kamikaze" came out of the cloud straight into the anti-aircraft barrage: passing ov the stern, he went through the flight-deck at th base of the control-tower. The superstructure i stantly caught fire, and smoke suffocated scores the crew down below. The third suicide pla was shot down into the sea by a destroyer.

There were more than 700 casualties, 373 them dead.

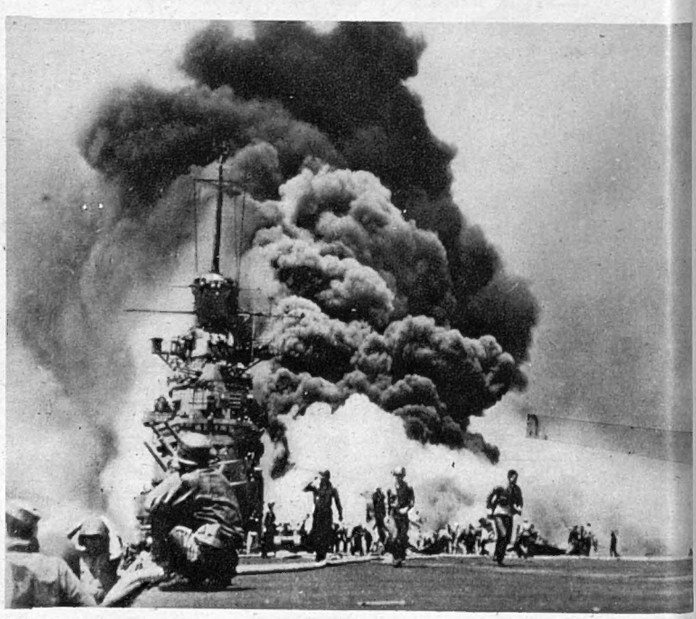
The *Bunker Hill* was acting as Vice-Admir Marc Mitscher's flagship, and the Admiral was board at the time. The ship quickly became a inferno of blazing petrol and exploding ammunitio

A dramatic feat of seamanship saved the vess when her officers threw her into a 70-degrees turn which swept tons of burning oil over her sides an sent a mass of water across the deck to clear th flames. Later the ship steamed under her own pow from the Pacific to New York Harbour, where sh arrived on June 27.

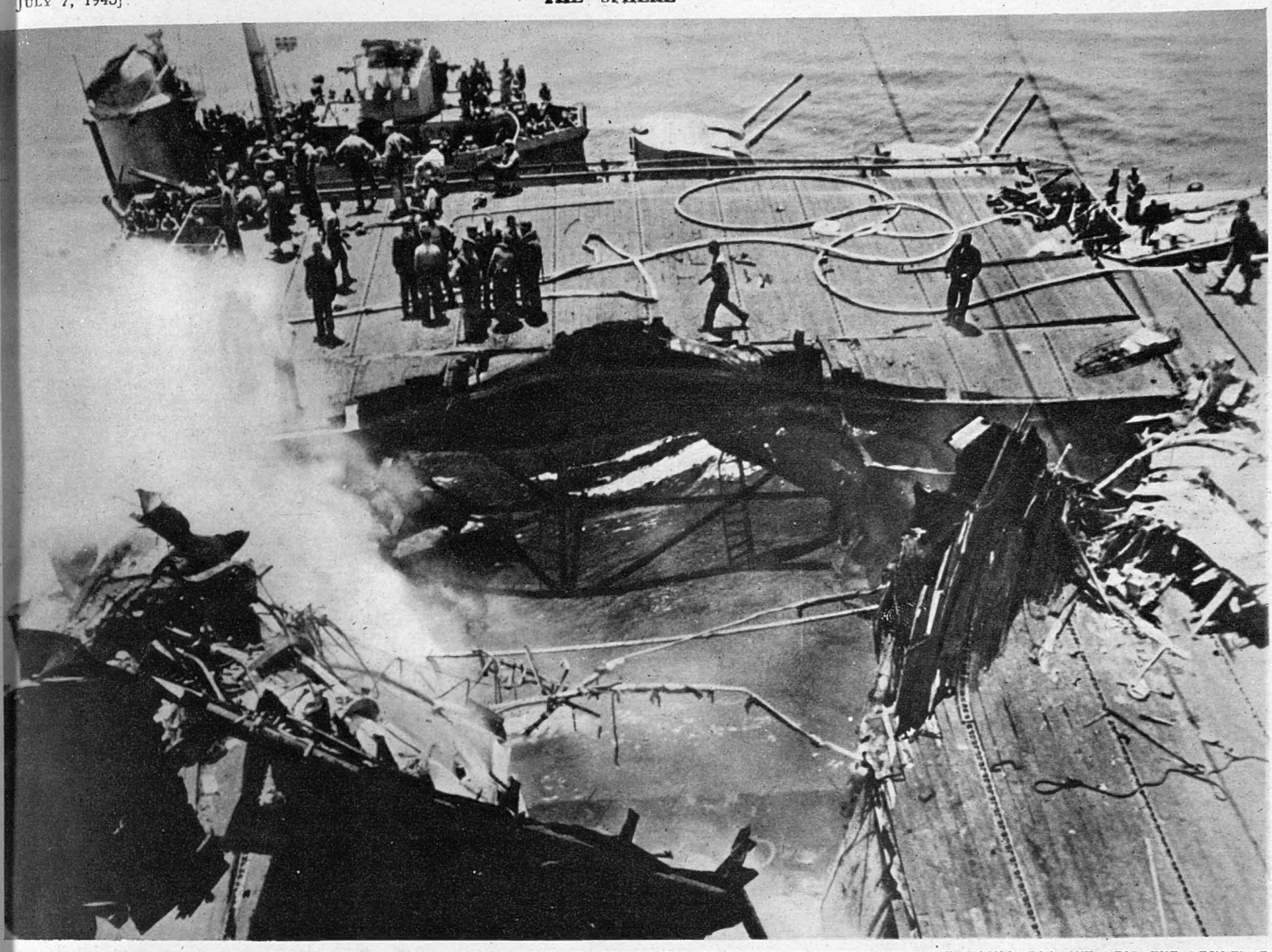


THE STRICKEN CARRIER, AS SEEN FROM THE LIGHT CRUISER "WILKES BARRE" which went alongside to assist in fighting the fires. At this moment, the flames on the flight-deck had been subdued, but smoke was still rising from the smouldering ruins of guns and planes. Later, a cruiser and three destroyers were able to get alongside with hoses fixed in their rigging to pump up great streams of water

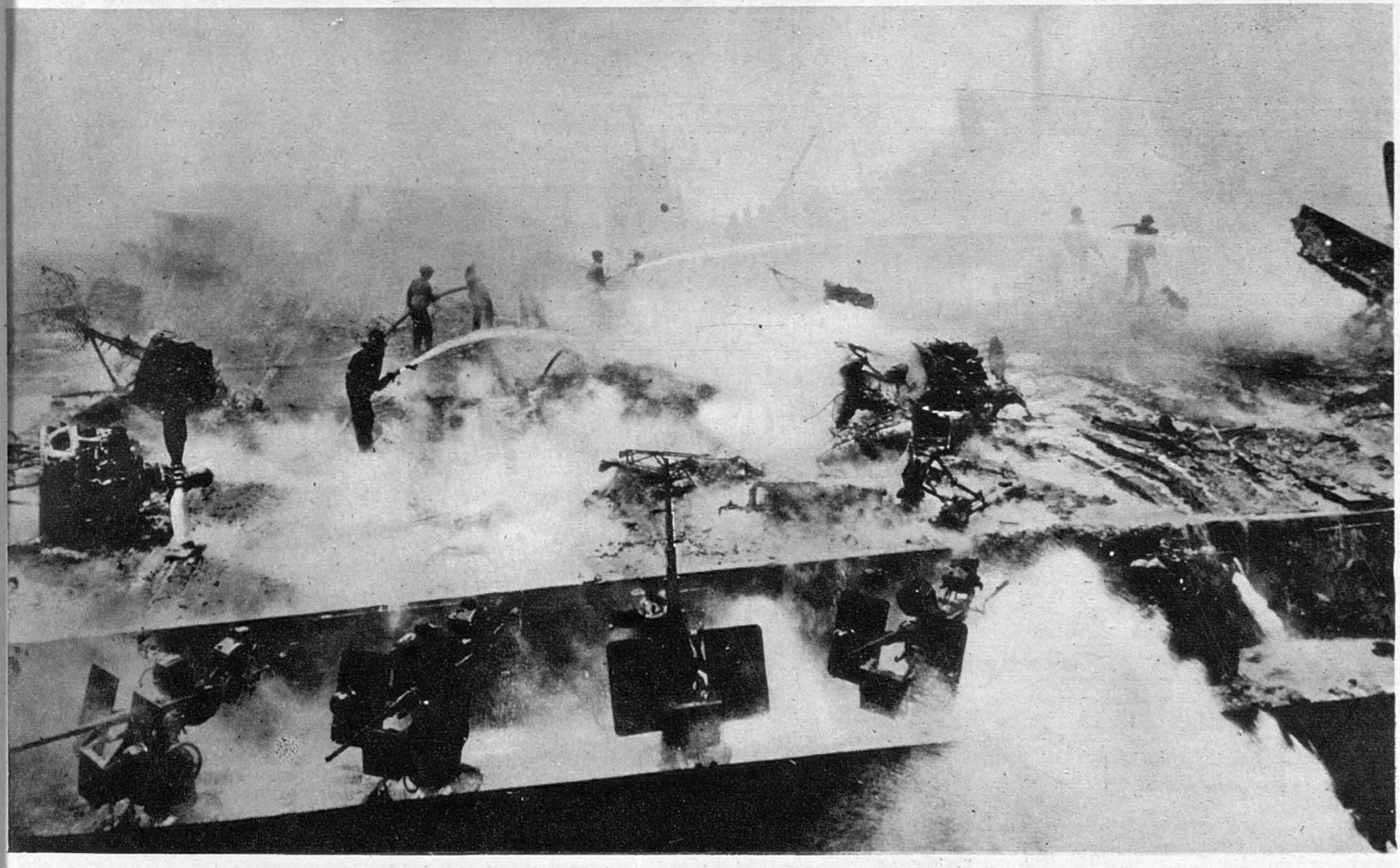
THE CHARRED WRECKAGE OF PLANES LITTER THE FLIGHT-DECK: At the time of the attack, thirty-four aircraft had been made ready for take-off. These were set ablaze by the first of the Jap suicide pilots



SMOKE BILLOWS UP FROM THE CARRIER'S STERN where one of the Jap planes crashed among the waiting aircraft. Gun crews are sticking to their battle stations on the left to ward off any further attacks. A second Jap hit the carrier, but the third was shot down into the sea



AT THIS SPOT, A 550-LB. BOMB, RELEASED BY ONE OF THE ATTACKING JAP SUICIDE PLANES BEFORE IT CRASHED INTO THE FLIGHT-DECK, HIT NEAR THE DECK-EDGE LIFT and penetrated into the pilots' "Ready Room" below. Smoke still rises from the gaping hole. Several of the pilots were killed. Planes waiting to land on were unable to do so, and continued to circle overhead, wirelessing down to other vessels the location of crew-members who had gone overboard into the sea



THE SCENE ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE "BUNKER HILL" AS THE CREW FOUGHT AMIDST THE FLAMES TO BRING THEM UNDER CONTROL: The charred wreckage is the remains of the planes which were waiting to take off when the suicide pilots crashed on to the carrier. It was one hour after the second bomb had struck before the flames began to subside and eight hours before they were brought under control

ERROR NUMBER TWO OVER the PACIFIC WAR?

And Its Results on Hard-Pressed and Underfed Britain and on the Starving Peoples of Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN the full flush of last August, Very Important Americans decided that the war against Germany would finish in October. This conviction operated so strongly at rarefied level that the late President Roosevelt's right-hand man, J. F. Byrnes, ordered a partial switch-over to peacetime production.

It took the Combined Chiefs of Staff Committee differently. These high-ranking American and British officers in the seats of the mighty at Washington forthwith began re-deploying or earmarking every keel for the war against Japan. Absolute priority in top gear was given this theatre in stores and equipment of every kind, food, medicine, fuel and transport, and the hundred-and-one sweepings of the attenuated wartime commodity market, such as the Forces pounce upon as their own by right. The net result was to deprive Europe almost entirely of the trickle of shipping that had been bespoken for the carriage of vitally-needed supplies—also promised a hundred times—to the sorely-stricken liberated countries.

There followed what will long be remembered as "the terrible winter" by those who suffered it. On top of the miserable amount of calories obtainable by the unmoneyed majority only after exhausting queueing, it chose to be exceeding cold. But appeals fell on deaf ears, and when things were at their worst, in February, alone the new-found liberty filling each day preserved the Allies from angry challenge.

Belgium's was as eloquent a case as any.

Long before liberation, M. Pierlot's London Government had purchased stocks of food and materials abroad and had arranged import programmes. Owing to the Pacific rush, a mere 200,000 tons were delivered in five months—"mere" inasmuch as Belgians normally required 100,000 tons *a day*. Even the German tyranny would have brought 3,875,000 tons during those five months.

Pierlot had staked his political life on the stores he had assembled, and his going released precisely those social currents which American and British rulers least desired to encourage. Yet how easily this might have been avoided Mr. Attlee learnt on his hurried fact-finding mission in the spring. He was then told that one dozen Liberty ships would suffice to ensure Belgium minimum wartime rations. One dozen—think of it—of these prefabricated vessels that are launched sideways at the rate of several a day.

I believe France signified that with twenty Liberty ships she could get all she most urgently wanted from South America, where the supplies in question were waiting to be shipped, and paid for. She got the same reply as Belgium. Not a ship could be spared, even if "all out" against Japan should spell "all in" for Europe, and not until winter had long gone was this denial ever so slightly lifted.

Now, lots of perfectly responsible people contend that this is war-waging gone crazy. A military decision is obtained over a régime that grew out of the hunger and want bequeathed by a former war, and before you can say "Hi, there!" the only possible means by which hunger and want can be avoided in the wake of this war, together with the inevitable revolt they engender, is wafted off almost *in toto* to the other side of the world.

There never has been any desperate need to hurry over Japan at the expense of everything else. She cannot ravage the main allied springboard, as Hitler was about to ravage England with V weapons. Neither do her submarine sinkings justify the "confound-everything-else" precipitancy; nor such inroads as she may be making on the natives of territories held by her armies. I can conceive of but one fully valid reason for full-steam-ahead-and-hang-the-consequences—namely, to release white civilians and prisoners of war.

After what most of them have suffered, a few weeks more is a lot; yet all things considered—suffering here as well as there, with its attendant risk here—wouldn't a month's postponement of victory over Japan repay if the slightly less blitz-like tempo meant shipping and relief for Europe before winter comes?

Most unfortunately, no such diversion will be ordered unless the Combined Chiefs of Staff Committee is made to realise that it risks losing a good slice of the victory in Europe within a year of it having been won. Moreover, the prospect has greater urgency for Britain than for either of her two big mates. If people on the Continent get embittered by a second winter of liberation amid acute suffering, and go off the deep end, Americans won't have them on their doorstep, while Russia has succeeded to fat food prospects in her sphere and wouldn't exactly be perturbed anyway by the sort of commotions that worry others.

Anyone with the capacity to see the end of his nose must agree that this is among the most important of current matters, if not *the* most important. Yet one despatch in one newspaper represents all the publicity that has lately been given to it.

This message reported from Washington that a representative body of foreign diplomats had been trying in vain to get America to ease up slightly on the Far Eastern war so as to send more relief supplies to Europe. But despite the picture they painted on the possible results of starvation next winter, United States officials refused to budge from their stand that European needs are secondary to the necessity of moving supplies to the Far East to get the Pacific war over quickly. No condescension to a faint re-balancing of schedules, nothing like that.

The argument gets nowhere, that the German delaying of surrender until it became too late for much of Europe to plant crops may bear fruit to the extent of rendering much of the recent Allied victory a farce. For the United States have been told that by failing to get an adequate supply of relief to Europe, we may, through famine, unleash disorder and revolution, the preliminaries to which would be a spread of what Mr. Churchill calls "bloody-mindedness" on the extreme Left, and a revival of Fascism.

This is no bogy-bogy stuff, but balanced diplomatic reading; in fact, there's only one touch to this affair that isn't grim, and that is the offer to come to the rescue made by Nobel Prizewinner Friedrich Bergius, who would nourish us on our own furniture. This captured scientist made soups and hashes for the German Army out of sawdust, waste wood and second-hand furniture, and he now comes forward with his flakes and tablets in part-solution of severe European malnutrition.

But I don't suppose many will eat their armchairs, and the situation threatens to be such in a few months' time that it may gravely affect, and for a long while, the minds of foreigners nearest to us towards co-operation with their Western allies.

I do not intend to go the round of these countries individually, telling of this shortage here and that dearth there. I know you are tired of reading that kind of thing. But I will say this: that the people of this country are rapidly getting fed up too, with less to eat the further they advance from victory. They feel that something is wrong at the centre.

If they haven't yet rumbled the dominant Far East causation, they want to know why scores of ships were used to take German belongings from Dutch to German ports; what has become of the big Swedish shipping pool we heard so much of a few months back; what do the "Queens" and all the other liners carry back to Europe after landing their U.S. contingents at American ports, and is it really impossible to use their accommodation for certain supplies urgently needed on this side; why first Danish butter, bacon and eggs should go in large quantities to troops in Europe who, on their own showing, already eat five times as much as those around them, and three times as much meat as they themselves used to eat before the war.

Col. Llewellin should not imagine he got away with it in explaining the food shortage here, let alone on the Continent. We are fully aware that the Forces—all of them—have been extravagant, wasteful, and overfed relatively to others who also suffered, and the times are much more in harmony with a recent letter from a man serving overseas who said that, in view of the food situation, he was sure that Servicemen no longer actively engaged in operations would cheerfully put up with a 20 or 25 per cent. cut in their rations.

Let us get both sides of this business.

Some of the shortage abroad, which is headed towards famine, derives from the anti-social behaviour of the farmers and peasants. But the black market has nothing to do with it—do let's get that in our craniums! The black market is not a cause but an effect of scarcity, and it would disappear given a reasonable level of supplies. And if it disappeared, the main incitement to revolt in several countries would vanish with it.

It has long been known that what heads off famine are, in order of importance: coal, oil, lorries and locomotives and fertilisers. Up till now the military machine on the Continent has absorbed the first four, while the fifth is just beginning to arrive—in Germany, to keep them quiet and peaceful, while liberated lands wait in vain.

Coal is the basic need, for unless it comes, these peoples can neither feed nor clothe themselves, nor work. In Italy alone, millions will this winter be thrown on the dole of a shilling a day, unless the British manage to get some coal down to them from the Ruhr; and Holland, France, Belgium, Greece and Norway should come first. But we know that, faced by such destruction, we cannot get from the Ruhr and Rhineland anything remotely resembling minimum requirements for our friends.

Additional pressure simply must be applied on that Combined Military Staffs Committee. Who talks to this super-super Committee? Roosevelt and Churchill used to, but during the present interval presumably there is nought between these gold-laced officers and the Almighty. Yet it is fairly obvious who *should* talk to them: a co-equal United Nations body composed of Ministers of Shipping, Food, etc., fulfilling the same role that the Supreme Economic Council performed after the last war, though too late, as it happened, to prevent the seeds of disaster being sown.

It is not yet too late for us to form this civilian executive body at the high level required.

HUNGARIAN REFUGEES IN AUSTRIA: A mother with her three-weeks-old baby, born in a refugee camp which has been set up in Austria to accommodate Hungarians. It is estimated that there are 2,000,000 Hungarians, including soldiers, in Austria, where they fled before the advancing Russians. These refugees are living in all types of makeshift shelters. Hungarian soldiers under Royal Engineers' supervision are busy building huts to accommodate them. At present the camp holds about 40,000 refugees with their household effects and 3,000 horses. The food problem is acute and horses are being slaughtered to supplement rations taken from captured German stocks

The LANDING on BRUNEI

Liberators Over the Indian Ocean

This year the monsoon in the Indian Ocean has produced very bad weather. Nevertheless, the R.A.F. have flown many sorties to attack the Japs at points in Burma and Siam. On the occasion when the two accompanying pictures were taken, Liberators undertook a flight of 2,000 miles.

In the picture on the left, a dense cloud of smoke is seen rising from a 10,000-ton Japanese tanker located 300 miles south of Bangkok, near Ko Samoi island, on the south coast of the Kra Isthmus. The tanker, which was over 400 ft. long, was the largest vessel which had been sighted in Siamese waters for many months. One Liberator, with an all-Canadian crew, flew in to the attack at 150 ft.

The picture on the right was taken from a Liberator during the attack on Surasdhani, 600 miles north of Singapore. At least eight large fires are burning, indicating the storage of highly inflammable material. Surasdhani railway yards are an important supply-point on the Bangkok-Singapore railway.

R.A.F. LIBERATORS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN DEFY THE MONSOON TO ATTACK JAPANESE TARGETS : A 10,000-ton enemy tanker—largest ship seen for many months—is hit off an island near the Kra Isthmus in Siam. The vessel was trying to make a northward run through the Gulf

AN ATTACK BY AIR ON A JAP-HELD TOWN NORTH OF SINGAPORE : The railway and jetty installations at Surasdhani are bombed by R.A.F. Liberators which flew 2,000 miles to make the attack

THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTURE OF BRUNEI, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF THAT NAME IN BRITISH BORNEO : Pre-invasion raids on the town before the landings on June 10 send Japanese buildings and installations up in flames. After the occupation of Tarakan Island, the Australians went on to the attack of Brunei. Before landing, bombardments were carried out by aircraft. Brunei town was taken almost without resistance by the ground forces, the Japanese withdrawing to the hills to the south. Shortly after the Australians had landed, reconnaissance planes were operating from the airstrip captured two miles north of Brunei. Reports then came in that the Japs were evacuating the oil districts south-west along the coast from Brunei Bay

The TECHNIQUE of INVASION

As Demonstrated by the Americans in Their Island Landings in the Pacific Battle Zone

THE LANDING CRAFT PREPARE FOR THE INVASION OF A JAPANESE ISLAND: THE SCENE OFF smaller vessels moored (in circles) behind.

Now that the war in Europe is over, very big Allied concentrations are being made in the Pacific zone of operations, where the treacherous and resourceful Japs are obstinately refusing to accept the inevitable, despite that it means the virtual obliteration of their industries and industrial plant—as promised by General Arnold recently, when detailing what Japan has to expect when the full weight of Allied air power is hurled at her. It is, of course, as it has been all along, a war of islands—with the American Marines and armies hopping forward from point to point under the protection of the Navy's guns and supported by vast air armadas. For such warfare, the U.S. Command has perfected a technique which reached its height at Okinawa: the picture reproduced

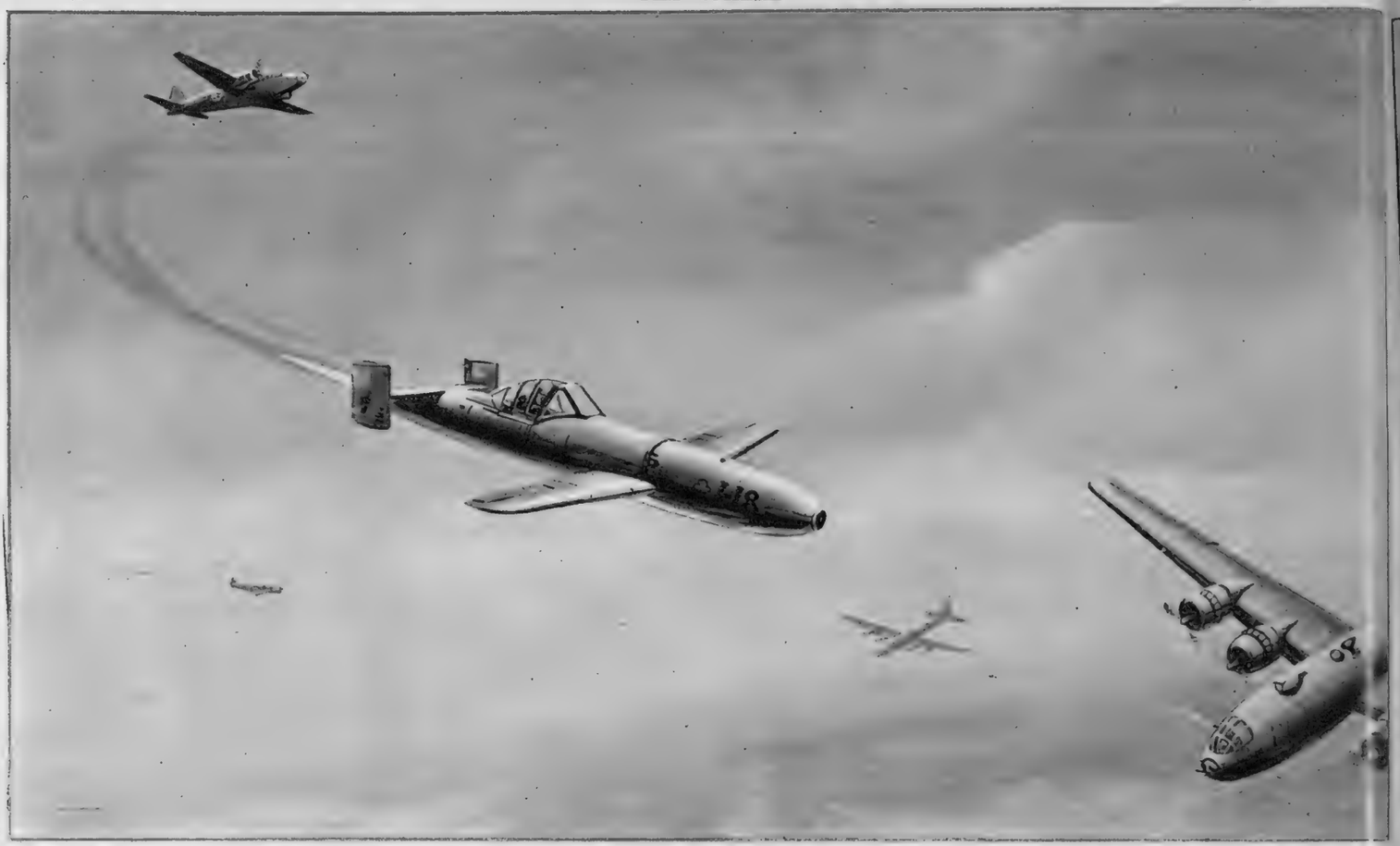
OKINAWA ON MARCH 31, 1945, AS THE AMERICAN MARINE AND ARMY FORCES PREPARED TO GO ASHORE. The troop-carrying craft are lined up inshore, with ready to move up and lend every assistance to the fighting men as they make their assault

above shows some part of this. (It has only just been received in London from New York, although the Okinawa invasion was launched on March 31, and operations on that island have now been brought to a successful conclusion.)

In the background of the picture lie the beaches on which the Americans made their first almost unopposed landings: smoke still rises from fires caused during the preliminary "drenching" of the landing areas by aircraft and warships. In the bay are some of the huge amphibious fleet which took part in the operation—as in previous Pacific invasions. The bigger craft inshore are the Landing Ships which brought the men to the spot.

On June 1, Mr. Truman, President of the United States; said: "The outstanding feature of the Pacific war—the one which sets it apart from all previous wars—has been the number of the amphibious operations. We have constructed a great fleet of special vessels for this purpose: attack transports, attack cargo ships, landing ships and landing craft. These ships make it possible to put troops and equipment ashore on open beaches in the minimum time."

(*For other pictures of Okinawa, see also pp. 14-15 of this issue.*)



THE "BAKA BOMB" OF THE JAPANESE AND HOW IT OPERATES AGAINST THE AMERICAN SUPER-FORTRESSES IN THE FAR EAST: It is a rocket-propelled projectile fitted with wings, tail and cockpit and guided to its objective by a "suicide" pilot after its launch from a parent plane—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

This is a typically Japanese device: even the Nazis in their most desperate moments never evolved such an air weapon as the "Baka Bomb." In reality it is a glider; and it is carried beneath a parent aircraft for conveyance to the scene of action. As indicated in this drawing, it is fitted with wings, tail and cockpit: the nose contains the charge. After launching, it is guided to the target by the "suicide" pilot within. Apparently, these "composite" aircraft lie in wait over vital Japanese targets for the big American "heavies" to attack, when the "Baka" Bombs are then launched at them. The successes of this method have not been startling, but the Japs *have* been able to claim some victims. The pilot—intent on suicide anyhow—ignores the stream of bullets from the bomber gunners, so that it is necessary for the gun crews to score a direct hit on the attacker. If this fails, the Jap pilot attempts to ram one of the Fortresses, going down to his death with the wreckage

The NAVAL and AIR WAR in the PACIFIC

The British Navy Takes a Hand in the Bombardment of Truk

—*Special Sphere Pictures*

A NEW AIRCRAFT FROM THE UNITED STATES, TO AID IN THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC: The first naval twin-engined fighter—the Grumman Tiger Cat. This is a big plane—almost half as big again as the Hellcat made by the same company. It is equipped with two 2,100-h.p. engines, and is intended to serve as either a fighter or fighter-bomber. Being faster at sea-level than any aircraft possessed by the Japs, the Tiger Cat has a vital advantage in defence against the enemy's low-level "sneak" attacks

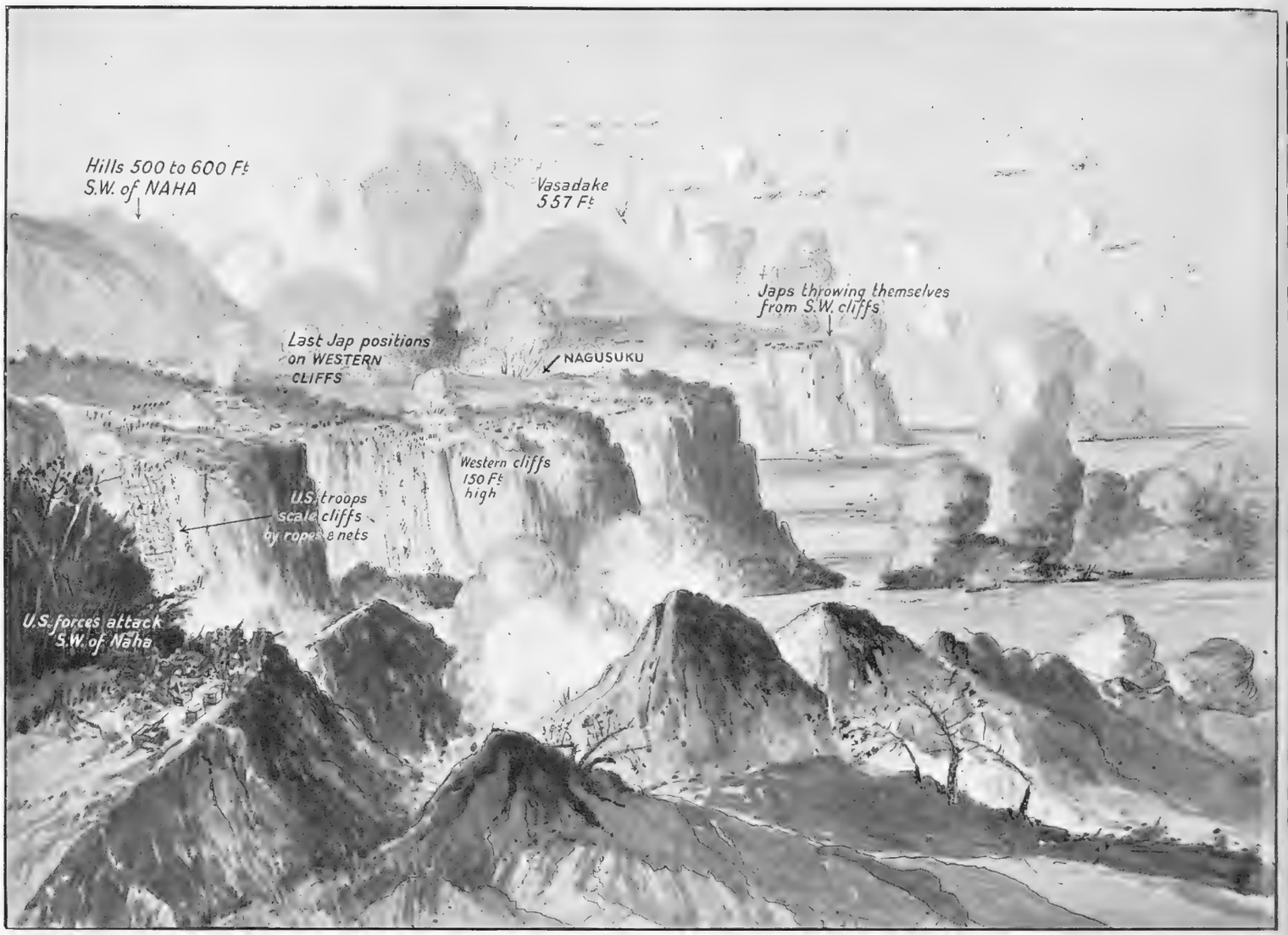
On left—**ONE OF THE UNITS OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE FAR EAST: The flight-deck of the Aircraft-carrier "Indomitable," packed with Corsair and Barracuda aircraft.** This vessel has a displacement of 23,000 tons: she is one of a number of big carriers now serving in the Pacific and East Indies. Her speed is 32 knots, and her complement of officers and men 1,600

TRUK, "THE GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC," IS BATTERED BY THE BRITISH NAVY, FROM THE SEA AND FROM THE AIR: The enemy-held island is reported to contain a garrison of 40,000 Japs. It was by-passed by the Americans during their sweep across the Pacific last year—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The island of Truk lies in the Eastern Carolines: before the present war it was administered under mandate by Japan, its population being under 20,000. When war came in the Pacific, the Japs fortified the island and put in a garrison estimated at 40,000: coast-defence guns were installed, submarine and seaplane bases established, harbours and dry-docks built; and airfields were laid out on adjoining Moen Island—until Truk had, in fact, become a Gibraltar of the East. Last year, when the Americans swept across the Pacific, Truk was by-passed and, to a certain extent, cut off from the mainland of Japan. It has now been attacked heavily by elements of the British Pacific Fleet, and for the first time this once great Japanese naval base has felt the weight of a British naval and air bombardment. It was also the first time that a surface bombardment of this formidable target had been carried out by any Allied naval vessels. The force of ships arrived off Truk Atoll shortly before dawn. For two days and nights Avenger bombers, supported by Firefly and Seafire fighters of the Fleet Air Arm, pounded the extensive runways, coast-defence batteries, submarine and seaplane bases, radio and Radar stations, oil installations, shipping and a dry-dock in the lagoon. Extensive damage was caused to these targets by 500-lb. bombs, Firefly rockets, cannon and machine-gun fire. Japanese planes in their dispersal points were destroyed and direct hits were observed on oil tanks and on the radio station. On the morning of the second day, closing in on the outer reef to some 8,000-yards range, cruisers, supported by destroyers, pounded the seaplane base, airstrips and oil installations. Over the targets Seafire spotting planes observed the fall of shells. Fireflies circled the outer coastal defences to neutralise any resistance. Large shell-bursts could be seen on the seaplane base and airstrip runways. During two nights, Avenger bombers carried out night bombing and intruder attacks with great effect.

ATTACK BY THE JAPS: AN ENEMY PLANE, SHOT DOWN WHILE ATTACKING A U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, becomes a mass of flames as it hurtles into the sea after the frustration of its "suicide" attack—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Carrier-based planes of U.S. Air Forces carried out several attacks on the Japanese island of Kyushu for the purpose of crippling the enemy's main airfields from which the "suicide" planes were operating against Okinawa. Tokyo further interpreted these raids as preliminaries to an imminent invasion. On these occasions Hellcats and Corsairs were employed. Japanese planes have come up and have attempted both to attack in the air and carry out dive-bombing assaults on the U.S. carriers. When Task Force 58 was in operation, an attacking Jap plane was caught squarely by anti-aircraft fire and crashed into the sea, trailing behind itself a wide mass of flame. How necessary these U.S. raids upon Kyushu are was demonstrated by the continued Japanese attacks upon Okinawa airfields.



HOW THE JAPS WERE FORCED INTO THEIR LAST CLIFF DEFENCES ON OKINAWA ISLAND, and were pursued by the Americans up the steep walls rising sheer from the sea. Many of the Japs threw themselves into the sea rather than surrender. Over 100,000 of them were killed during the sanguinary battles on the island—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The COSTLY STRUGGLE for OKINAWA

The Jap Island "Fortress" now in American Hands

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

The clearing of the last pockets of resistance on Okinawa saw some of the fiercest fighting in this bloodiest of island operations. The capture of Naha, chief city of the island, had proved a difficult task; immediately that was accomplished, the U.S. forces had to press on to the high ground to the south-west, where the Japs had taken up positions on a series of cliffs some 150 ft. in height. The jagged rock formations presented many difficulties: some of the cliff faces had to be scaled with ropes and nets, and the task of rooting out the enemy from caves and cliff bunkers was a costly one. The recklessness of the enemy grew rather than diminished as the net was drawn tighter. Finally, three groups of cliff defences had to be crushed before victory was complete. Japanese troops committed suicide with grenades; others attacked in suicidal fashion with dynamite strapped to their backs; many threw themselves over the cliffs, their bodies being carried northwards by the current running alongside the island. Immense quantities of stores have been landed on the island, which, at once, is being used as an airbase for attacking Japan itself. A deceptively easy landing on April 2 led to eighty-two days of the most horrible battles the Americans have had to fight and, proportionately to the numbers engaged, as sanguinary as history can show. Over 100,000 Japanese of the island garrison were killed, and of the 4,000 prisoners the great majority were hospital cases and civilians

THE AMERICAN NAVY ASSISTS THE LAND FORCES DURING THE FIGHTING ON OKINAWA: One of the Special Infantry Landing Craft, equipped with rocket-firing batteries, which played a decisive part in the landings and during the subsequent operations. It took eighty-two days before the enemy garrison was finally subdued—*Drawing by Montague Dawson.* (See note at left)

On right — During the eighty-two days of intense fighting on Okinawa Island, the U.S. Navy assisted the land forces in every possible way, both by sea and on the land. The risks the ships ran in their day-to-day tasks is now made evident by the preliminary figures. Although the suicide bombing attacks were beaten off time and again, there were occasions when the enemy pilots burst through. The losses in naval personnel, up to May 23, the latest available figures, amounted to 4,270 killed and missing, with twenty-four ships sunk and fifty-four damaged. All kinds of vessels have taken part in the task of subduing this stubborn defence — from the biggest battleships to the smallest speed-boats. In the drawing on the right a rocket-armed craft is seen plastering the cliff positions of the enemy during the later stages of the fighting

GENERAL STILWELL (OF BURMA FAME) TAKES OVER THE COMMAND ON OKINAWA, after the death in action of Lieut.-General Buckner, Commander of the U.S. Tenth Army: Wearing his battered old campaign hat, General Joseph W. Stilwell is here seen on the island during a visit paid to his old 7th Division, now on the island of Okinawa. Since this picture was taken, he has been appointed to the command of the Tenth Army, taking over from Lieut.-General Geiger, of the U.S. Marines, who temporarily assumed command after the death of Lieut.-General Buckner. Previously General Stilwell had been in command of American and Chinese forces in Burma: he retired after disagreement with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

JUST BEFORE HE WAS KILLED IN ACTION—Lieut.-General Simon Bolivar Buckner (on right). On the afternoon of June 18 the Commander of the U.S. Tenth Army on Okinawa was killed by a shell whilst observing an attack carried out by a combat team of the 8th Marine Regiment. This picture was taken just before his death: with him is Major-General Lemuel C. Shepard, of the U.S. Marines

A JAP ATTACK FROM THE AIR ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE ISLAND IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CHECK THE AMERICANS: It was at this spot—Nagagusaka Bay—that vast quantities of stores and equipment were landed by the invaders—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In frantic attempts to stop the American capture of Okinawa, the Jap Air Force threw itself against the U.S. bases and the naval and landing-craft assembled off the coast. In one night-long attack, 166 enemy planes were shot down—so reckless was the attack. A certain amount of damage is bound to be done during such an attack before it can be beaten off: the price paid by the enemy showed the importance they placed on the possession of the island. The landing of huge masses of military stores continued. At one stage, the Military Government officials on board the expeditionary fleet said that they were prepared to issue 300 tons of rice, fish and other food daily In spite of the fact that the U.S. forces had broken all organised resistance after the capture of Naha, the capital city of the island, Jap attacks on Allied warships continued, fifty-nine Jap planes being shot down in one such attack

ALLIED WARSHIPS ARE REPAIRED

After Heavy Damage During Battles at Sea

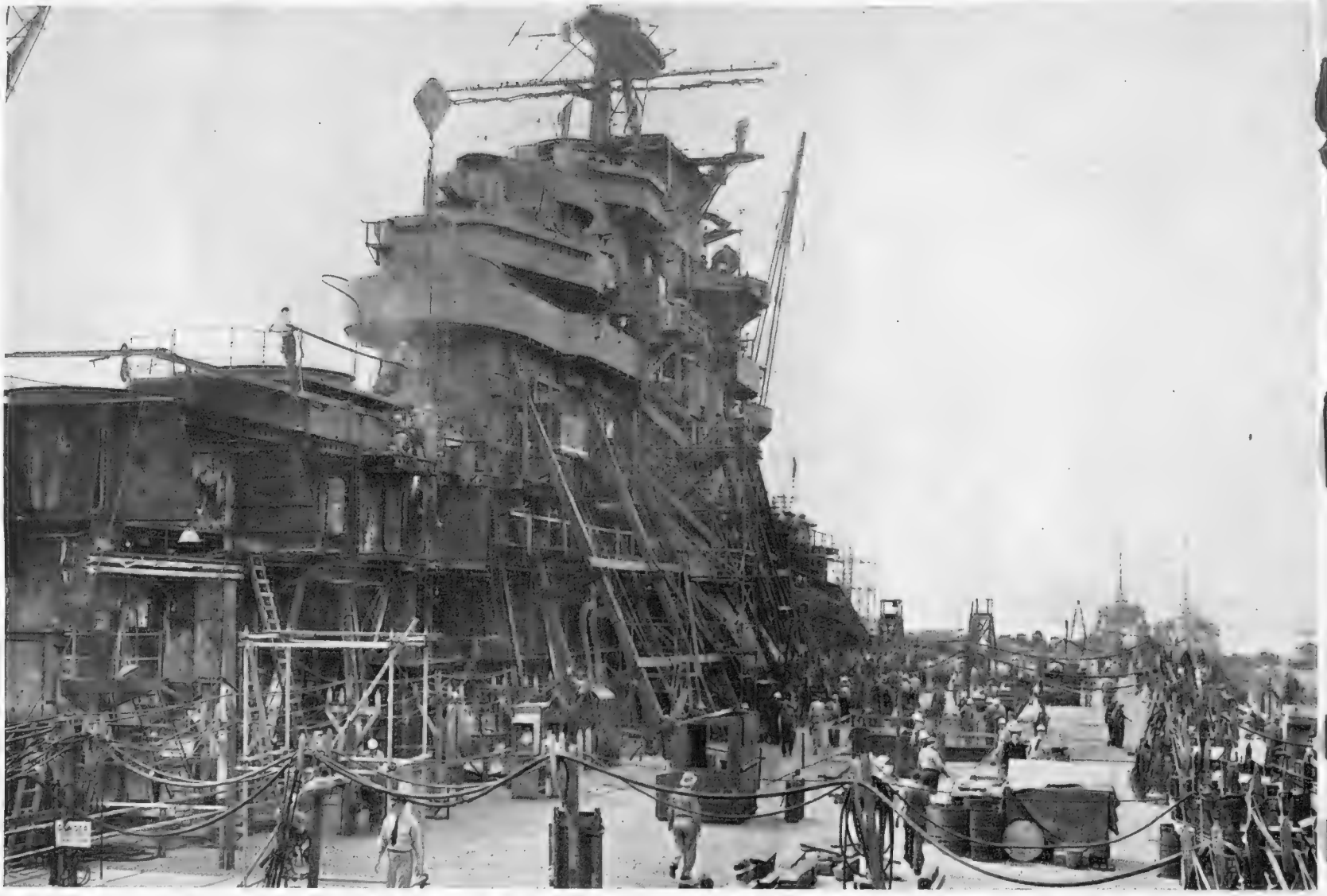
—And a Close-Up of One of the Latest Types of German E-Boats

THE LATEST GERMAN E-BOATS REACH BRITAIN: THE FIRST THREE OF THE BATCH SURRENDERED Sea. These newest and very "hush-hush" vessel

Experts in this country are now in possession of most of the German naval secrets. The latest vessels to be examined are the newest type of E-boat, of which a number have arrived at Portsmouth from Den Helder, their former base on the Dutch coast.

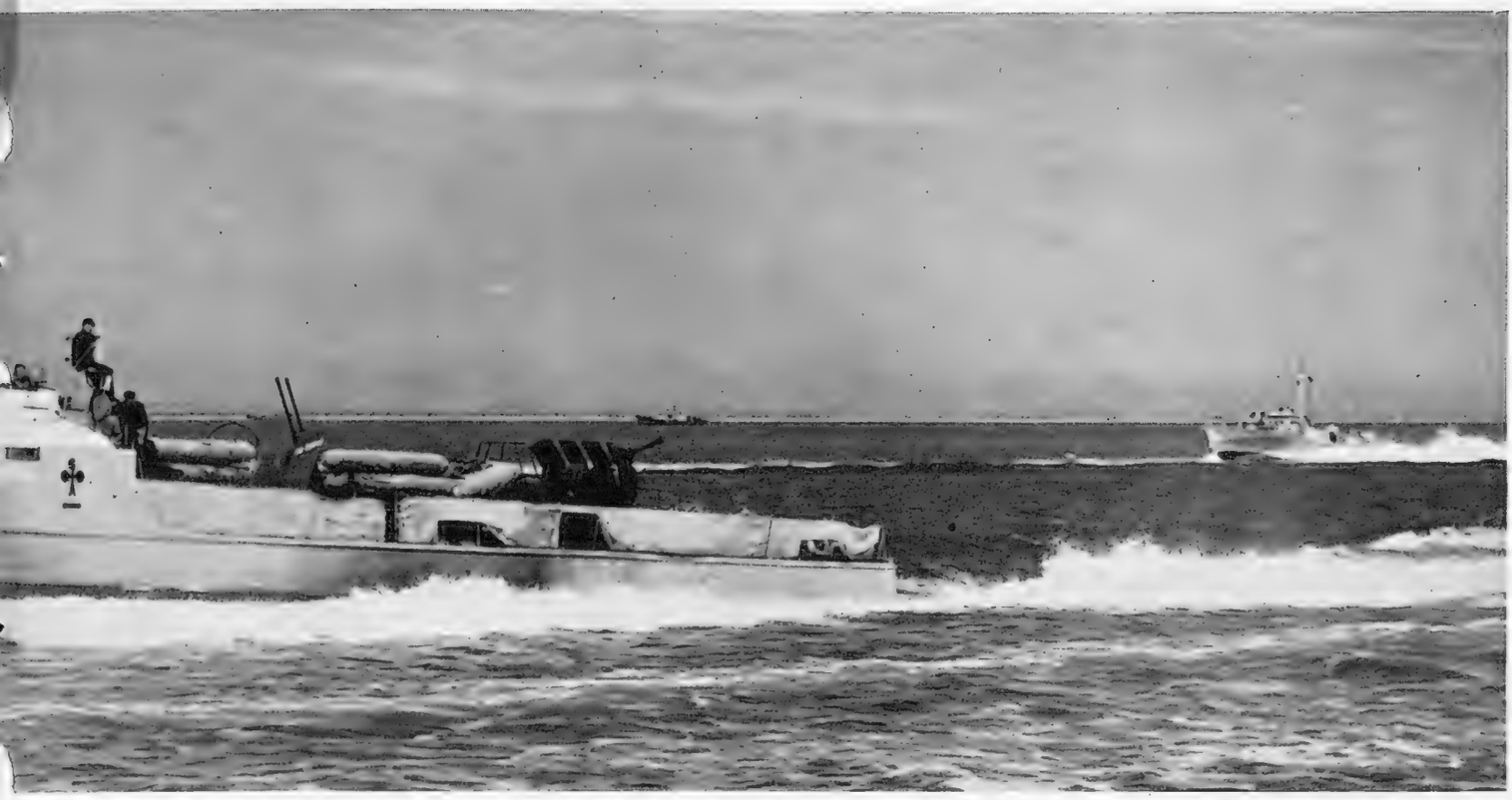
One of these fast craft has been brought to London for a more complete examination. Little has so far been made public concerning its construction, armament and speed, beyond that aluminium is used in considerable quantities, and that the engines are capable of developing 75,000 horse-power. The crews of the E-boats on the voyage from Holland to Britain consisted of one German officer and nine men.

As the war developed, these motor torpedo-boats increased in size, speed and hitting power: many of them are now warships in miniature. They have carried out many sorties, and fought many battles, in the North Sea and Channel

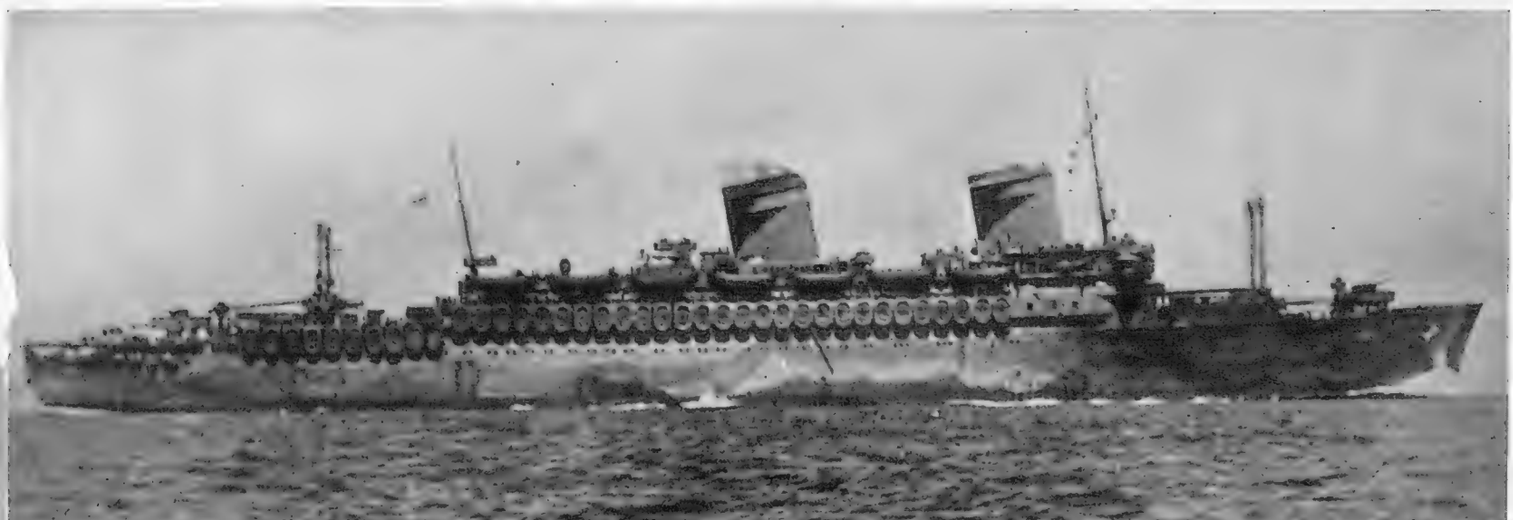


THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FRANKLIN" UNDERGOES EXTENSIVE REPAIR AT THE NAVY YARD IN BROOKLYN after her epic fight against Jap dive-bombers off the coast of Japan, when she sustained over 1,000 casualties out of her crew of 3,000

In March last, whilst 60 miles off the Japanese coast, the American aircraft-carrier *Franklin* was attacked by enemy dive-bombers: one of the planes broke through the protecting ring of fighters and hit the carrier with two 500-lb. bombs. Instantly, aeroplanes on her decks burst into flames, rockets flew in all directions and streams of petrol caught fire: bombs exploded and ammunition was set alight—832 out of the crew of 3,000 were killed or missing, and 270 others were wounded. Nevertheless, the warship was taken back to Pearl Harbour and eventually she reached New York, where this picture was taken. The entire flight-deck has been removed, and 80 per cent. of her structure above the main deck must be rebuilt before she is fit for further war service At the left of the view above is the lofty and substantial "island," or control tower



THE ROYAL NAVY BEING ESCORTED FROM DEN HELDER, IN HOLLAND, TO PORTSMOUTH. Five British M.T.B.s accompanied them on the voyage across the North Sea. Each have engines of 75,000 horse-power and each had a crew of one German officer and nine men on board



A GIANT AMERICAN TRANSPORT ON ONE OF HER WARTIME MISSIONS—an impression of the U.S.S. "West Point," the largest merchant ship ever built in the United States, in her camouflage paint and loaded with life-rafts along her sides

Formerly known as the s.s. *America*, the transport *West Point* has borne more than 350,000 passengers—the majority of them Service personnel—and travelled more than 350,000 miles under the command of the U.S. Navy. Travelling unescorted, relying on her speed to escape enemy submarines, the big ship has been on duty since the entry of America into the war: recently she returned to the United States with the biggest number of fighting-men from Europe since VE-Day

THE BRITISH CRUISER WHICH LIVED TO FIGHT AGAIN: In December 1942, the cruiser *Argonaut* was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. Despite the extensive damage she then sustained, she got home for repairs. Now she is again in service—in the Far East. This picture shows the damage she sustained to her stern, a large chunk of which was blown away by the explosion. The *Argonaut* is a cruiser of the Dido class of 5,450 tons and armed with 5·25-inch guns

THE AMERICANS INSPECT THE DAMAGE CAUSED TO TWO SHIPS BY THE JAPS: At Los Angeles, in California, 250,000 visitors were allowed into the Terminal Island dry dock to examine two damaged vessels back from the Pacific theatre of war. One was the U.S.S. *Comfort*, a hospital ship of 13,000 tons, which was hit by a Japanese "suicide" plane: the other was the U.S.S. *Zellers*, a destroyer torpedoed by the Japs (in background). The visitors arrived in the Docks at the rate of 30,000 an hour

In the OCCUPIED TERRITORY

Scenes From the Reich—with the Allies in Control

RELIGION RETURNS TO LIBERATED GERMANY: CARDINAL FAULHABER TAKES PART IN THE FIRST CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION HELD IN MUNICH SINCE THE ACCESSION TO POWER OF THE NAZIS. Holding the jewelled Sacred Host before him, the Cardinal descends from the open-air altar erected outside the Rathaus, or City Hall

When the Nazis finally achieved absolute power in Germany, not the least evil thing they did was to stamp out—or attempt to stamp out—Religion. Now that they have gone, religious feeling is again unfettered throughout the Reich.

This year, the Corpus Christi procession in Munich was carried out with all the pomp and pageantry of former years—before the great evil descended on Germany. The procession through the bombed streets of what was the Nazi stronghold was headed by Cardinal Faulhaber, the courageous Roman Catholic prelate who openly condemned the Nazis from his pulpit. When the Gestapo arrived at the cathedral to arrest him, they found the Cardinal dressed in his robes. He defied them to take him by force. The Gestapo men left—without their victim.

In the picture on the left, Cardinal Faulhaber is accompanied by two bishops as he leaves the Rathaus to take his place in the procession through Munich.

THE DESTRUCTION OF GERMANY'S CAPACITY TO WAGE FUTURE WARS: IN THE RUHR, AT THE GREAT ARMAMENTS WORKS RUN BY THE KRUPPS FAMILY, vast production lines are now a mass of amorphous metal—such as this gun-barrel and ships' shaft department

The great German armaments works of Krupp's, and Essen, the great German industrial town, are in the Ruhr. This picture, taken at Krupp's, gives an idea of the havoc which Allied bombers played with German industry. One or two photographs taken anywhere at these works, from any angle, within a square mile of closely-packed workshops, mines, power-stations, plants and administrative buildings, can illustrate the meaning of "attrition through air bombardment." Any picture of Krupp's is indeed symbolic of the German war machine when Bomber Command had finished with its objective. Similar havoc could have been caused all over Germany. Throughout the Ruhr there are many examples of how a few bombs here and there did the trick of stopping production. But the whole of Krupp's was a vital target, and for that reason damage is terrific; elsewhere production over wide areas was often stopped by direct hits on small vital targets. At Krupp's little life was lost. Out of 50,000 men employed, only a very few were killed during the repeated attacks. Workers were sent to deep shelters, but the management could not burrow deep enough into the ground to shelter the plants. They were either destroyed or paralysed

THE NAZI SYMBOLS ALL OVER GERMANY ARE COMING DOWN: A SCENE IN NUREMBERG, ONE OF THE CENTRES OF THE NAZI PARTY, where slogans and swastikas and other devices of the dead regime are being hauled down by order of the Allies—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

All public Nazi symbols are, by order of the Allied Military Government, being removed or obliterated. Any "Adolf Hitler Platz" or Strasse, is having its name painted out and altered. The number to be removed is very great; the swastika double cross appears on all kinds of public and official buildings. The smaller badges must be innumerable, but the swastika as a symbol of Nazism is to vanish. As the work can be undertaken by local authorities, it can be accomplished with comparative ease and speed. The more difficult tasks are grappling with the spirit of Nazism in various forms; bodies of recalcitrant youths and the hard-boiled and the tough generally among the vast number of lesser Nazi officials remain a serious problem. In the above view, Nazi symbols are shown being removed from buildings in Nuremberg, a city which was one of the Nazi strongholds, and which suffered heavily from R.A.F. bombing

THE REGROUPING OF THE ALLIED ARMIES IN OCCUPIED GERMANY: AS THE CAMPS ARE BROKEN UP AND THE MEN DISPERSED TO OTHER AREAS, the German civilians swarm in to gather up the "pickings" of food and equipment left behind—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The great change-over to full occupation in Germany is taking place persistently but slowly, owing to the great number of social problems which constantly arise. The first more purely military operations of occupation have taken place, but even these in their latest stages were complicated by the adjustments in territory arranged among themselves by the Great Allies. This has meant a shifting of Army personnel and material from one district to another. Military camps have been struck and big treks started. The generous supplies reaching the U.S. forces has meant that when they leave a camp there are plenty of "pickings" left behind. This has been readily perceived by the local inhabitants, bringing about scenes such as the one shown here

SCHEVENINGEN, THE "WEST WALL" TOWN IN HOLLAND: A concrete strong-point built by the Nazis on the front overlooking the North Sea. The Germans expected an Allied invasion at this point—which did not mature

BRITISH TROOPS EXAMINE THE DEFENCES AT SCHEVENINGEN: They formed part of the German "West Wall" which is now being dismantled by enemy prisoners of war

A massive concrete wall, topped with glass spikes, stands along the promenade at Scheveningen, the former fashionable Dutch seaside resort. This town was selected by the Nazis as a probable point to be attacked by the invading Allies, and every yard of the front was protected by barbed-wire entanglements, "dragon-teeth" anti-tank obstacles, mines and guns. German troops quartered in the fortifications are now being employed on dismantling the Scheveningen "West Wall," but it will be a long time before the familiar holiday crowds return

WITH THE ALLIED ARMIES OF OCCUPATION ON THE CONTINENT

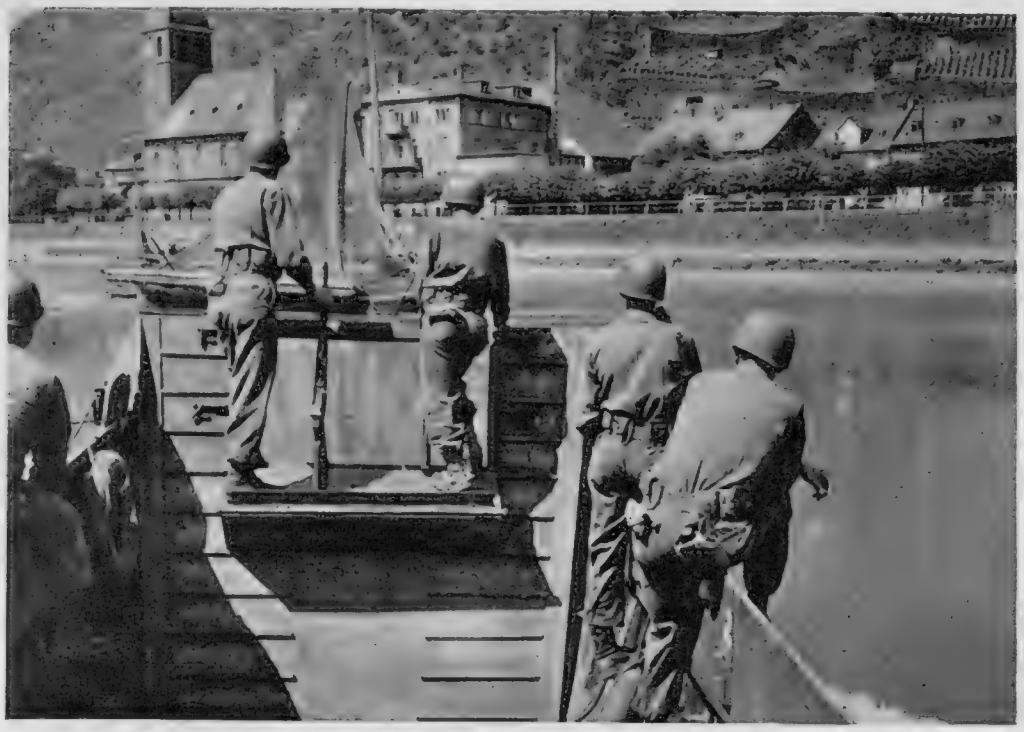
IN THE DUTCH ROCKET COUNTRY: A single-track railway runs across a peaceful landscape in The Hague district of Holland. Here there were launching centres for hundreds of German V 2 rocket projectiles. Many of them crashed immediately after being fired, and the crater can be seen where one misfire landed beside the railway. In fuel-less Holland windmills are one of the chief means of generating electricity for the rural districts

AN ANTI-TANK OBSTACLE WHICH WAS NEVER USED: The "dragon's teeth" run in three rows just behind the sand dunes along the front

DELOUSING GERMAN MEN AND WOMEN: THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY THE ALLIES HAVE ESTABLISHED A NUMBER OF DELOUSING PLANTS where German civilians are dusted with DDT powder. Before they are allowed to move from one area to another, they must undergo this cleansing process, to prevent any possibility of the spread of typhus or other diseases with which the inhabitants of the Reich were stricken. *On the left*—German women are being so treated by the Americans at Coblenz before crossing the River Rhine. *On the right*—A similar operation being performed on a man at the same place

MAJOR-GENERAL BARBER ENTERTAINS RUSSIAN GENERALS: Major-General Lashenko (on left), General Barber and Lieut.-General Polyanoff, on the terrace of General Barber's headquarters near Schwerin. The two pictures given here were taken on June 20, when Major-General C. M. Barber, D.S.O., in command of the 15th Scottish Division, entertained Russian generals at his Headquarters near Schwerin in North Germany. The Russians lunched with General Barber and enjoyed a display of Scottish dancing and pipe band afterwards. In the picture on the right are: Drum-Major Groves, of Wolverhampton; Pipe-Major J. Massie, of Aberdeen; Major-General C. M. Barber; Lieut.-General Polyanoff; Brigadier the Hon. H. C. H. Cumming-Bruce, D.S.O.; Pipe-Major W. McKay of Edinburgh; Major-General Lashenko, and Pipe-Major J. Turnbull, of Hawick. General Barber is reputed to be the tallest officer in the Army

THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN GENERALS WITH THE PIPE BAND AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 15TH SCOTTISH DIVISION: The visitors were treated to a display of Scottish dancing and pipe music after their lunch with the Headquarters Staff



THE RHINE RIVER PATROL: Infantymen of the 35th Division form part of the unit which constitutes this patrol. Every vessel using the great German water-highway must show its credentials before being allowed to continue its journey. Here, a small fishing-craft has been overhauled by one of the landing craft, so that its papers and cargo may both be checked

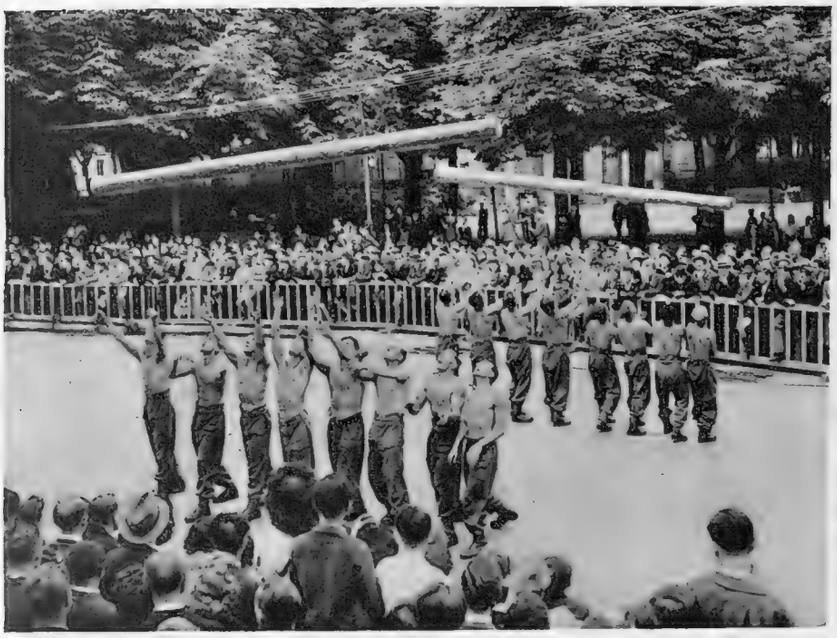
AN AMERICAN SERGEANT OF THE RHINE PATROL checks over the sailing papers of a merchant steamer during the patrol's daily routine on the river

RELEASING GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR FOR ESSENTIAL WORK: A view of the great P.O.W. camp at Coblenz, where hundreds of Germans wait to be released from Allied captivity. The "processing" of German prisoners of war for release to work in such essential industries as farming, agriculture and mining is now under way at the large detention camp in Coblenz. Scores were recently sent home to report to the American Government for work on the land or in mines. They are given three meals a day, regardless of whether they work or not; after basking in the sun, they look healthy and tanned. In fact, the camp resembles a nudist colony, with the P.O.W.s stripped to the waist. After being declared fit for release, the prisoners are given K rations, and marks to the value of a pound. Army trucks then take them to the City Hall nearest their home

IN THE COBLENZ CAMP: A German prisoner receives his forty marks (one pound) from a German paymaster before leaving for home and civilian employment

FOREIGN NEWS-ITEMS IN PICTURES

A Collection from Regions Where the Allied Forces are Still Operating in Europe and the Far East



A DEMONSTRATION BY THE BRITISH ARMY IN PARIS : The French people are shown modern methods of training with the Scottish caber. Twenty physical-training students of the British Army have been showing the Parisians how our soldiers were trained before their landing in France and how they are being trained for their battles in the Far East. These men are from the Army Physical Training School at Aldershot, and many of them parachuted into France on D-Day. They give their exhibition three times a day outside the British Army Exhibition at the Grand Palais. Each demonstration lasts for twenty minutes, and there are always great crowds in attendance

OUTSIDE THE GRAND PALAIS : Twenty Army instructors and pupils from Aldershot give a twenty-minute demonstration three times a day in connection with the British Army Exhibition in Paris

PRIMO CARNERA, THE VERY HEAVY-WEIGHT, returns to the ring in Italy : This picture was taken when the U.S. 91st Division staged an exhibition of boxing between Company boxers in the town of Gorizia. The main attraction of the evening was an exhibition bout between Primo Carnera, once heavy-weight champion of the world, and the American professional Tony Jack Rocco (who is now Staff Sergeant Homer Blevins). The American has had ninety-seven professional fights, and once stayed the full rounds against Joe Louis. The exhibition bout consisted of three two-minute rounds. Carnera is on the left

THE FASCISTS DESTROY THE MEMORIAL ERECTED TO THE PIONEER AIRMAN, BERT HINKLER : The Hinkler Memorial was erected to the memory of the late Bert Hinkler, the great pioneer airman of a generation ago. It was erected at Prato Magno, in the hills near Florence, by Mussolini—the spot where the record-breaking Australian crashed during his flight to Australia. Here a shepherd is looking over the remains of the memorial, which was recently demolished by members of the Fascist Party

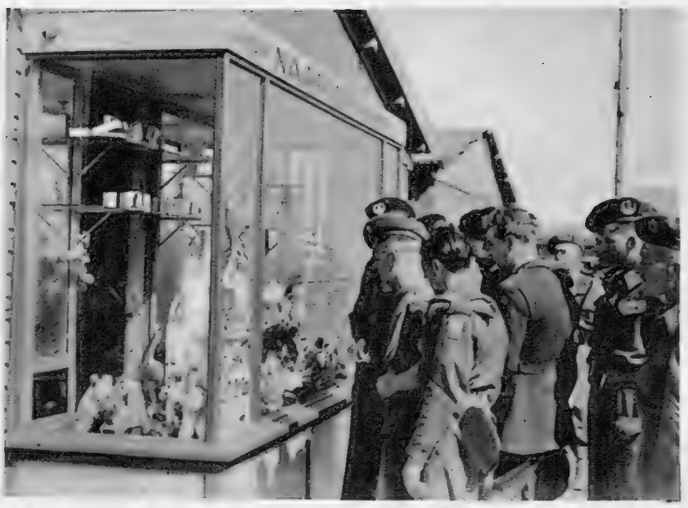
FREE FOOD FOR THE DUTCH : A housewife feasts her eyes on the plentiful stocks in a shop-window in Utrecht. Thousands of tons of Allied food supplies have been reaching Holland in large consignments since the German surrender, and the danger of famine has now been averted. Dutchmen have been helping to unload the relief ships at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and convoys of lorries have carried the shipments of meat, fish, and other tinned foods, sugar, margarine, biscuits, milk and coffee to distribution centres throughout the country, where rations are issued free on production of food cards

AN R.A.F. SERGEANT BROADCASTS AT THE PIANO from the Forces Radio Station in Rome : Sergeant Maurice Rosen, who comes from London, is serving on special duties with the R.A.F. in the Mediterranean theatre. He speaks nineteen languages—including Romany—and knows every country in Europe. He is a pianist of considerable repute and has been studying music, including a period at the Leipzig Academy, since he was four—nearly forty years ago. He has had his own compositions broadcast by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra ; since the outbreak of war he has on several occasions given concerts to the troops. He has been in the R.A.F. for four years. This picture was taken at the piano during a broadcast from the British Forces Radio Station in Rome

FIRST MEN TO RECEIVE LEAVE FROM THE EIGHTH ARMY IN AUSTRIA : The first Eighth Army leave men passed through Calais a few days ago on their way to Britain. They had come from Villmach, in Austria, a distance of 850 miles, in special converted lorries, taking five days on the trip. The new route crosses both the Danube and the Rhine, and considerably speeds up leave for men who have been abroad for long periods. Here some of them are seen in happy mood adjusting their lifebelts before sailing

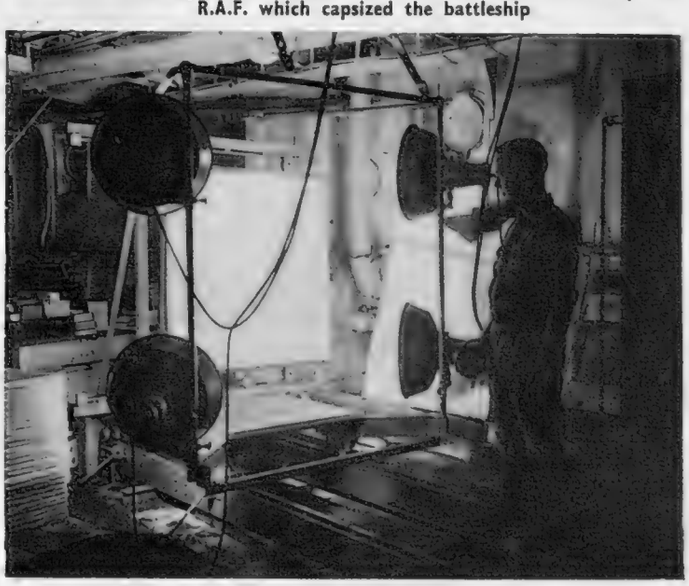
GERMAN BATTLESHIP "TIRPITZ," A TARGET OF THE R.A.F. : German ratings standing by the damaged port propeller-shaft in Tromso, Norway. This Royal Air Force official photograph is one of the first close-up pictures taken of the German battleship *Tirpitz* since she was sunk by Lancasters of Bomber Command at Tromso on November 13, 1944. The 45,000-ton battleship, once pride of the German Navy, was hit by two 12,000-lb. bombs in this attack and listed to starboard. Twenty minutes after the first hit she rolled over and now lies with her superstructure embedded in the mud. The precise damage which was done by the two bombs will not be known until divers have thoroughly examined her. The evidence of the German personnel who were interviewed shows, however, that the starboard side of the *Tirpitz* was blown out over a length of 120 ft. from deck to keel. The only other visible damage, apart from that to the bows caused in the earlier attack, is an enormous dent in the ship's bottom amidships, the result of a near miss from a 12,000-lb. bomb. The damage to the bows was caused in an attack by Lancasters on November 15, 1944, when 100 ft. of the ship's bows were destroyed

FRONT-LINE CHARTING VESSEL NOW SERVING IN THE EAST : Two sergeants and a corporal of the Royal Marines are inspecting a chart which has just come off the large modern press. H.M.S. *White Bear* is one of the Hydrographic Survey vessels serving with the East Indies Fleet. She acts as headquarters for smaller vessels which penetrate small creeks and rivers to survey areas either uncharted or not charted for many years. The data obtained by these ships are brought to the "mother ship" and then transferred into vital charts for Allied shipping, with the help of printing plant which makes H.M.S. *White Bear* a floating "Advanced Printing Unit"



A N.A.A.F.I. GIFT SHOP FOR MEN COMING BACK TO ENGLAND : Over 1,000,000 men have now passed through the Transit Camp at Calais *en route* for leave in England. In the camp is a Gift Shop ; but every man has a grouse over the prices of toys there, which the majority find to be too high-priced for their slender purses. So very few toys will come to their children at home

AN UPSIDE-DOWN VIEW INSIDE THE "TIRPITZ," where much steel plate was cut through to allow access after the heavy attacks by the R.A.F. which capsized the battleship



PHOTOGRAPHING A DRAWN CHART BY MEANS OF A GIANT CAMERA which can take plates of a size 48½ by 40½ inches. The resulting negative is printed down on to a sensitized zinc plate, from which copies will eventually be printed

THE LAST POST-WAR ELECTION—IN 1918

What Happened in the "Khaki Election," which Ended in a Supreme Triumph for the Coalition Government

By CHARLES GRAVES

NOW that the votes have been cast, it is worth while reflecting on what happened before, during and after the last "khaki election." Within three days of Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, it was announced that a General Election would take place exactly a month later. Polling day was fixed for December 14, but votes would not be counted until December 28, to enable the troops overseas to return their ballot papers.

At that time the Coalition Government had Lloyd George as Prime Minister and leader of the Coalition Liberals, Bonar Law led the Conservatives and George Barnes the Labour element. The Irish Free State not yet having come into being, there were numbers of Irish seats in the House of Commons, and the Reform Bill, which increased the number of constituencies, and also permitted women to vote for the first time, meant that there were 706 constituencies for which representatives had to be elected. As in this war, the House of Commons had not, of course, been re-elected during the war. At the Dissolution there were 282 Unionists, 266 Liberals, 38 Socialists, 78 Nationalists, and 6 Sinn Feiners.

At the same time as polling day was announced, the Labour Party decided to call an emergency meeting to withdraw its members from the Government at the close of the current Parliament. At this emergency meeting a demand for the unconditional release of conscientious objectors was also recorded.

The Labour election campaign was launched the same day—November 14—at the Albert Hall. There were cheers for the "bloody revolution"; there were banners with "Hands Off Russia"; and there were ugly scenes when Miss Bondfield screamed, "Call yourselves members of the Labour Party? I'm ashamed of you."

The next day the newspapers were full of rumours about a possible *rapprochement* of Lloyd George and Asquith which, of course, never matured. On November 16 Lloyd George announced that rails, canals, roads, trams and industry had to be taken in hand under the direct inspiration and control of the State. Bonar Law took the line that the point at issue was whether the great problems ahead were to be faced, not from the Party angle, but from the national point of view. George Barnes followed Lloyd George in his belief in the need to nationalise all monopolies until such time as release from control was consistent with public welfare.

On November 18 the British Workers' League had already nominated thirty-one out of their thirty-five potential candidates. Asquith publicly announced that the General Election was a blunder. To this Winston Churchill replied that it was inevitable, and that no Government could attempt to cope with demobilisation and reconstruction with an absolutely dead Parliament at its side, and an enormous new electorate seeking to express its opinion.

The electorate was, in fact, estimated at 21,000,000, nearly three times the number of voters at the previous General Election. There were 7,000,000 women who had never been allowed to vote before. There were also 3,000,000 more men who had reached the age of twenty-one. Altogether, it was very difficult indeed to forecast what the result would be. Only a few women candidates were nominated, and nobody had the slightest idea how the women would vote. By November 20 the Press was commenting on the general lack of public interest in the election.

Many people must have forgotten by now the various parties seeking public support at the predecessor of the present election. There were Coalition candidates, Liberal candidates, Unionist candidates, Labour candidates and National candidates, not to mention Irish Nationalists and Sinn Feiners, British Workers' League candidates and Independents. Shoreditch had no fewer than five different candidates from which to choose.

Parliament was dissolved on November 25. That evening Bonar Law said in a speech in Scotland: "We are going into a peace conference. Is anything more vital than that the delegates should go to represent this country, and that the head of the delegation itself should not only be able to speak for the Government and the House of Commons, but also for the nation?"

I wonder how many people to-day remember George Maclean? He was a Bolshevist schoolmaster who had been in prison for allegedly subversive activities and was not released until just before polling day. His name was continually cropping up during the "coupon" election of 1918. One of the Liberal candidates spoke menacingly at the time, saying, "If our fighting men are fooled over this election, somebody will have to pay the piper at no very distant date."

Within a fortnight of the announcement that the General Election was going to take place, the National Party had nominated thirty-one candidates, the majority of whom had seen service in the Armed Forces. Nomination day was December 4, and it was found that Coventry, with 62,066 voters, was the biggest constituency. It was also revealed that no fewer than 104 Members of Parliament were returning unopposed, a remarkable number, viewed by any standards. Of these, 41 were Coalition Unionists, 27 were Coalition Liberals, 11 were Socialists, 27 were Sinn Feiners, and one a Nationalist. Not a single Asquithian Liberal was returned unopposed, an omen of what ultimately happened. The *Daily Express* forecast next morning (November 29) that the new House of Commons would consist of 310 Coalition Unionists, 125 Coalition Liberals, 100 Asquithian Liberals, 75 Socialists, 84 Sinn Feiners, and 13 nondescript Members of Parliament.

On December 6, barely a week before polling day, Lloyd George issued his policy statement. The main points of this were the punishing of the Kaiser and other war criminals, making Germany pay, bringing the troops home as soon as possible, and giving them better housing and fair treatment. With this went a scheme for smallholdings and allotments, possibly on lease. Electioneering was now in full swing. Then came a sensation about a clerical blunder in the soldiers' and sailors' ballot papers. The troops, in fact, had been given instructions to put XX, instead of X, against the name of the candidate whom they wished to support. This was hurriedly rectified. In the meantime, Mr. Churchill was appealing to the public to avoid apathy—an appeal which, as was ultimately proved, did not have much success.

On polling day itself the *Daily Express* carried a very effective "streamer" across its front page. It read: "How would the Germans like you to vote? Think it over." There were no fewer than 1,514 candidates. Polling day was a Saturday. The soldiers' and sailors' vote was a mystery, and the prophets could receive no clue as to the likely results. It was a polling day, in fact, without a crowd, a procession, a cheer, a fight, a smile or a ray of sunshine. Experts came to the conclusion that the vote would be on the small side. They ultimately proved to be right.

Now came fourteen days of restless anticipation of the results. The newspapers were full of lurid stories about Berlin "Dancing in Defeat," and there was much talk about the Kaiser's abdication. The first of the revelations about the drug traffic, particularly in cocaine in this country, also helped to tide over public anxiety about the result of the General Election. It was, indeed, a prophetic forerunner of the case of "Billie" Carleton. Cologne was now definitely under British control and a curfew had been imposed, together with penalties for failure to observe it. American troops were on the Rhine, and there was a scare that Germany was already preparing secretly to secure the mastery of the air.

The more one reads the newspapers for the two or three months after the last Armistice, the more familiar become the news items and the more vivid the warnings which we ought to have heeded. It comes quite as a shock to find in December 1918 that the Poles seized Danzig.

At last came the results of the election, published in full on Sunday, December 29.

There was a supreme triumph for the Coalition. The results were 334 Coalition Unionists, 133 Coalition Liberals, and 10 British Workers' League (who had also supported Lloyd George's Government). Fifty Unionists who did not associate themselves with the Coalition Government were returned. The Asquithian Liberals were only successful in 28 cases; the Socialists mustered only 64 M.P.s in the new House of Commons. There were 7 Independents and 73 Sinn Feiners; Irish Nationalists numbered 229. Thus of the 706 Members of Parliament, the Coalition Government had a majority of 248. Further interesting statistics show that, out of 18,757,239 voters, only 11,510,811 recorded their votes; this is a proportion of only 61 per cent. It will be interesting to see whether the apathy of 1918 has been repeated this week-end.

Many knowledgeable people believe that the sequence of broadcasts by politicians of all parties on the B.B.C. during the past month has had a deadening effect on the public. This remains to be seen.

There are people who say that the Prime Minister does not want a Conservative landslide because this would give not only the Right Wing Tories but also the Left Wing Tories too much power over him. Other people point to the Presidential elections in the United States when President Roosevelt was returned in spite of the fact that the bulk of the public were tired of the Democrat Party as such. A final wager of which I have heard is that more National Liberals will be successful than Sinclair Liberals, in spite of the fact that the number of the latter exceed the former by nearly 200.

Change Asquithian Liberal for Sinclair Liberal, and history may repeat itself.

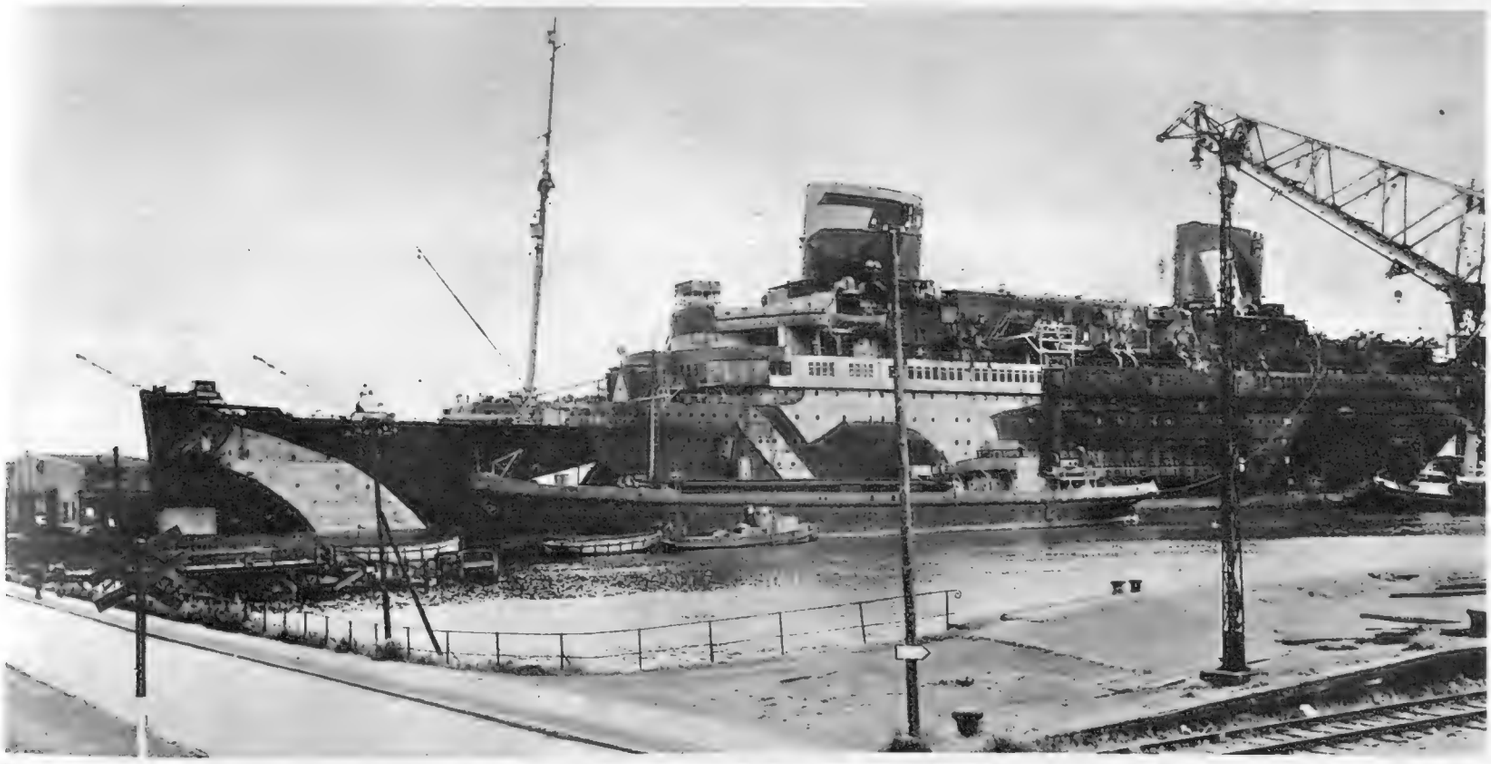
MR. CHURCHILL'S GREAT ELECTION TOUR THROUGH BRITAIN; ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE AND GREAT HELPER. The scene in Manchester, traditional centre of Liberalism, as the Prime Minister addressed a vast crowd on the blitzed site of Piccadilly. Note the John Bullish "square bowler" worn by the Premier, and the attitude of his wife, seated on the back of the car

BRITAIN'S NEW STRATOSPHERE FIGHTER—THE WESTLAND WELKIN, developed to combat the menace of the high-flying raider, and the largest of the single-seat fighters. Two impressions of the aircraft in flight are given here

DESIGNED for the STRATOSPHERE

First Pictures of the New Welkin Fighter

Details of still another of Britain's newest aircraft have just been released by the Ministry of Aircraft Production. This is the Westland Welkin single-seat stratosphere fighter, which has been designed to combat the menace of the high-flying raider. With a wing-span of 70 ft., it is the largest of the single-seat fighters now in production. Its total weight is 17,500 lb. It is powered by two Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, each developing 1,650 h.p.; at height it maintains its great power by means of a two-stage, two-speed supercharger. Its speed is 384 m.p.h., range about 1,500 miles, and it carries four 20-mm. cannons. Air pressure in its armoured cabin is automatically regulated by a robot valve, needing no attention from the pilot. Clouding of the windscreen by ice or mist, which would be inevitable at the height at which the Welkin flies, has been overcome by the pumping of a layer of warm air between the double layers of glazing which form the pressure-resisting surface of the coupé. This warm-air layer also keeps the cockpit so warm that even at temperatures of minus 78 degrees F. no special clothing is needed



CHIEF SEA-GOING PRIZE OF THE WAR—The German s/s "Europa," to be Taken Over by the Allies

The giant luxury liner of pre-war days, the *Europa*—once the pride of the German mercantile fleet—has just been moved for the first time in five years. Guarded by U.S. Naval personnel, she has been shifted to a dry dock in Bremerhaven, to be repaired and refitted for troop-carrying activity in the war against Japan. The *Europa* is the third largest passenger vessel in the world and the chief sea-going prize of the war. She has a displacement of 50,000 tons and was built in the year 1928. She once held the Transatlantic speed record, but throughout the war has lain in idleness in a port on the River Weser. In order to transfer her to dry dock, thirteen tugs were required to manœuvre her great bulk. This picture was taken after her transference to Bremerhaven had been successfully accomplished. Her camouflage paint, it will be observed, had effectively altered the outline of the vessel, especially at the bows

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

LEST WE FORGET. — Everybody should display on their shaving-glasses or hand-mirrors an aid to memory, for the greatest danger to civilisation has always been the notorious shortness of human memory. A daily reminder is henceforth essential. Schoolmasters of the old-school-tie type used (it was said) to favour Kipling's "If." They would have done better—we all should—to choose his "Recessional." We in Britain have more need to remind ourselves constantly how we may become, not *men* but *wise* men. The human race is deplorably short-sighted. It can, generally speaking, neither looking back nor looking forward, see beyond its nose, and it is in constant need of improving its vision.

The wisdom of citizenship has its source in the realisation of the frailty of statesmanship and the frailty of human nature and men's memory. What better aid to memory and good citizenship than a brief record of some of the famous pronouncements of European pundits and statesmen during the last few years? There is an embarrassing wealth from which to select. For example

Hitler, September 26, 1938.—"I know how terrible war is. I never want to wage war. After the Czechoslovak problem has been settled, I have *no more territorial claims in Europe.*"

Neville Chamberlain, from a window in Downing Street, September 30, 1938.—"My good friends, this is the second time in history that there has come back from Germany to Downing Street *peace with honour.* I believe *it is peace for all time.*"

Winston Churchill, to America, 1940.—"Give us the tools and *we* will finish the job." (The most splendid bluff in history.)

Lord Vansittart (August 1944), *in a Sunday Paper.*—"I have said for eighteen months that the end would come in 1944."

Sir George Courthope, to Bexhill constituents, August 1944.—"All will be over with Germany on August 31, 1944."

Prophecy in the Pillory.—Before passing on to other famous, or infamous, grand or petty prophecies and pronouncements, let us re-examine and comment on those we have so far selected haphazard.

It will be observed that they are culled from the big guns and the small fry, from the major and the minor prophets. And it is to be observed that the tapers and the tadpoles make their pronouncements with all (or more of) the confident certainty of the big frogs. Bexhill's M.P., for example, was in no doubt at all on August 13, 1944, that the European War would be over in eighteen days. And Lord Vansittart was quite petulant about public neglect to believe what he had said (and known) for years—that the war would end in 1944. Turning to the Big Bull-frogs, we may dismiss Hitler's and other Nazi pronouncements without comment. The promises and boasts of Hitler, Goering and Goebbels were never meant seriously, or, rather, were but serious efforts in a great propaganda campaign of lying, to throw a fog-screen over a programme of planned crimes. What of Chamberlain's? Peace for all time (with honour)! It reads oddly enough to-day. But be sure of this—Chamberlain's reputation will one day be re-examined by historian apologists, and colour will be found for the theory that this was a grand, patriotic bluff—*splendide mendax*—unselfishly designed to afford Britain a brief breathing space in which to rearm. Piecrust or patriotic sacrifice of reputation . . . ?

And Mr. Churchill's "Give us the tools." Who dares to throw a stone at that glorious bluff? It is surely the grandest in the tale of his grand war pronouncements. "*We will finish the job.*" In the event, as you will recall, we had to ask a little help in "finishing the job" from both Russia and America; and others, too. But when we stood alone in 1940, did Mr. Churchill in his heart believe that *we* could *finish* the job?

All through the '30's he foretold the doom of 1939, if we remained deaf and apathetic. On which of all his great prophecies and promises would he elect to stand his trial before posterity?

No note of interrogation hangs over the chosen citations from Hitler and our small fry. Hitler's was pure (or impure) lying; the small fry were just small fry pretending to be Big Bull-frogs. Chamberlain must not be put in the pillory—yet. And Churchill must be put on a pedestal, not in a pillory.

Turn Back the Pages.—Would you add to the list, turning back the pages of history? (It were to-day a little too unkind to select from the prophecies of still-living Socialist leaders concerning Germany's good intentions.) You will find a crop harvested on the day after the Locarno Pact was signed, in 1925.

"This means peace for many years, why not for ever?"—King George V.

"*Nous avons parlé européen.*"—Briand.

The birth of the League of Nations brought another confident crop from the good fairies who attended at its cradle. Socialist and Tory prophets, we can fool's-cap a score of still-living politicians. You have a storehouse of good things said by Englishmen (statesmen and ambassadors) in fulsome praise of Mussolini in the '30's, and by the Press bosses in praise of the Kaiser's nobility and honour in 1913-14.

And do not neglect the glorious harvest of prophecy of bliss for humanity which was to come from flying, on the dreadful day when the first plane crossed the Channel.

Macaulay was not a man to hide his self-confidence under a bushel of hesitancy. He was the prototype of the cocksure, and I choose from his famous Chapter VII of his History a passage of unusual humility which yet well illustrates the frailty of human vision. Writing in 1849, he sums up, after smacking his lips over the *definitive* peak of the civilisation of his day: "It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorset shall think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week . . . that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as now to eat rye bread." This was sheer pose of humility. Macaulay didn't believe it; he was quite sure in his own mind that the civilisation of 1849 had reached the peak, and could reach no higher.

Keep turning back the pages. Cull some of the prophecies that fell from the pundits when the "property tax" was first imposed, when the "devil's kettle" first ran on rails, when the Reform Bill at last passed the Lords, when Magna Charta received John's petulant signature, when the Normans came in and when the Romans left.

Or, further still, back to the crowned prophets who foresaw the coming of Christ among the people that walked in darkness.

"Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end . . . to order it . . . with justice. . . . They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

From Isaiah to Sir George Courthope (it seems) the gift of prophecy was constantly frail.

If.—In all this there may be observed a hint of cynicism. It is not a very new discovery that "man never is, but always to be blessed." But still the prophet subsists solely on the gullibility of the human race. He could not do his stuff (and nothing on earth will prevent him from trying to do it) unless he could confidently bank on man's penchant for wishful thinking, his fond hope of getting something for nothing, his refusal to accept the condition that God helps those who help themselves. Mankind can never perform their part of the contract while human memory remains as frail as it has always been so far in human history; if bitter lessons continue to be forgotten as soon as the clouds lift and mortal danger recedes. The only hope for humanity lies in remembering . . . to remember. That is why I have taken so much trouble to prepare a selection of texts for men's shaving-glasses and women's hand-mirrors—from Isaiah to Vansittart. My little effort may not be as popular, but it might well be as efficacious, as Kipling's "If."

And its title might be "Remember"; or why not "If"?

United we stand—in the pillory, all together, in this business, prophets and wishful thinkers, deceived and deceivers by choice and alternately. Aren't we all . . . ?

I might usefully throw in as a tailpiece a "New Year's hope" from your contributor "The Old Stager," extracted from the 1942 or 1943 or 1944 *Newsletter.* I have no doubt a search would be rewarding. But on second thoughts I won't. Charity begins at home.

SAYING "THANK YOU" TO MALTA AND GIBRALTAR IN A PRACTICAL WAY: There can be few who do not recall something of the part played by Malta in the days which followed the collapse of France. This island, of little more than 100 square miles, was to endure 3,000 air raids and to be besieged for nearly three years. It is proposed to pay homage to those who gave their lives in the defence of the island by furnishing a Shrine of Remembrance in St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral in Malta. A drawing of the interior of the Cathedral is seen above, showing the proposed alterations and entablature, to contain war memorials surrounding the High Altar; it has been prepared by Mr. A. C. Webb from designs by Major Hugh Braun, F.R.I.B.A. For those who remain and for those who come after them to serve in the Navy, Army and Air Force it is planned to say "Thank you" by building social centres at both Malta and Gibraltar. The comprehensive schemes prepared for both places link up the new social centres with the Cathedral buildings, making a group in keeping with the dignity of the Church abroad. An appeal for £100,000 has been launched by the Bishop of Gibraltar with the support of General Eisenhower, the late Archbishop Temple and Sir Andrew Cunningham, among others. Contributions should be sent to the Bishop of Gibraltar, "Malta and Gibraltar Fund," 35, Great Peter Street, London, S.W.1

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (Savoy).—Complicated squabbles in a boarding-house thirty years ago in Arizona do not sound promising material for a farce at the Savoy in 1945. Be that as it may, I thought this an extraordinarily funny play. As to whether it is an authentic picture of boarding-house existence, I know not; I have never lived in a boarding-house, not even in one in Arizona. This one was very noisy. There seemed to be no central plot of any coherence—just a lot of episodic intrigues, which were amusing and peppered with bright lines in plenty. Some of them very bright indeed. I cannot understand why certain of my critical colleagues have complained that this piece should be acted by an American cast. One actress, and only one, essayed an American accent, though not, it seemed, very successfully. (If she is really American I must, of course, grovel.) The play 's the thing, and so is the superb performance of Miss Angela Baddeley as the manageress of that noisy and overcrowded establishment. Miss Baddeley managed to be charming when she was frowning at and dictating to everyone, quarrelling with her good-looking husband, and performing all sorts of very uncharming domestic duties.

Sweet Yesterday (Adelphi).—This new musical-show (what a novelty to have a musical show which is not a revival!) is on a gorgeous and luxurious scale, with a huge chorus who can sing, an orchestra of over forty, lots of beautifully-painted scenery, and every evidence of lavish expense, which I trust will be justified. The title is justified in that it is very sweet and, the scene being France in the days of Napoleon, about yesterday. The humour (what there is of it) is certainly very yesterday-ish. But in this case the play is *not* the thing, but the music. The composer is an Englishman, Mr. Kenneth Leslie-Smith, who does not object to using the Viennese idiom, though he has a melodic gift which is all his own. His speciality is the love-duets, sung by that immaculate couple, Miss Anne Ziegler and Mr. Webster Booth (whom I would like to hear as Mimi and Rodolfo in *La Bohème*). Good performance, too, from Miss Doris Hare, Mr. Hugh Miller, Mr. Reginald Tate and Mr. Mark Daly. A fine *corps de ballet* is a feature.

PICTURES of SCENES in ENGLAND

PRESERVING THE CITY'S ANCIENT BUILDINGS: A view of the shed set up on the bombed site below St. Paul's Cathedral, in which stone is shaped and trimmed to preserve the City's famous churches from further damage from the weather (*See notes at right*)

GROUTING A PIECE OF ORNAMENTAL STONE-WORK to a new base on the tower of St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal, in College Hill. Dick Whittington is buried in this famous old church

The work of carrying out "first-aid" repairs to historic edifices in the City of London is now being performed by expert stonemasons. Within the shadow of St. Paul's a huge pile of masonry dumped on a bombed site is being used in the work of preserving the fabric of churches damaged in the blitz. Ornamental stone which decorated the roofs is also being replaced. Engaged on this task is James Comfort, sixty-five, a stonemason, who can be seen almost any day perched high on the pile of rubble, selecting slabs, and testing them for flaws which his trained ear detects by the ring of his hammer. In a nearby shed, Comfort cuts and trims the stone for other masons to complete the work of preservation

THE MEN WHO BUILT THE "MULBERRYS" MAKE PERMANENT PREFABRICATED HOUSES—a general view of two semi-detached villas now being built at Sutton: Men who helped to build the "Mulberry" prefabricated harbour for D-Day are now constructing a permanent prefabricated six-room villa. The idea of making everything in sections was prompted by the technique used in making the floating port of "Mulberry." Cranes are used to put the concrete panels into position. Practically no skilled labour is required. Firms which before the war reached what was thought to be the limit in building 2,000 houses a year could put up 3,000. In each house there is a large kitchen and living-room, which has sliding doors connecting it with a small dining-room. On the top floor there are three well-sized bedrooms and a bathroom

THE B.E.M. FOR A SCOTTISH SHEPHERD: John Dagg and his dog, who rescued American airmen in the Cheviots

FRANK MOSCROP AND HIS SHEEPDOG, who is also to receive the B.E.M.: John Dagg and his friend Frank Moscrop are receiving the B.E.M. for bravery in saving the lives of four members of the crew of a Flying Fortress which crashed into a hillside near their home. Both lived at Kirknewton, 12 miles from Kelso. The airmen were found, after their plane had crashed in a blizzard, on a snow-covered hillside, following a strenuous search assisted by the shepherds' dogs. It was only through dogged perseverance that the rescuers were able to get the four men to safety. At daybreak, Dagg conducted a party to where the bodies of two other airmen were found

LADY LEESE INSPECTS THE PACKING OF CLOTHING TO BE SENT OUT TO S.E.A.C.: Lady Leese, wife of Sir Oliver Leese (in command of the Army in Burma), visited the Director of Voluntary Organisations in London to inspect the packing of woollen garments, including socks, Balaclava helmets, etc., which are being sent out to the South-East Asia Command. The wool has been specially treated to prevent attacks by insects—and is unshrinkable. Here she is seen (on right) talking to some of the A.T.S. girls who are packing the various articles

A GARDEN-PARTY TO MARK THE END OF THE "SPECIAL ALLIED AIRBORNE RECONNAISSANCE FORCE": The latter was a very secret Allied "Task Force," composed of British, Americans, French, Poles and Belgians. It was formed, under S.H.A.E.F. orders, last March to obtain information about prisoner camps in Germany. Some of its members were dropped behind the enemy's lines by parachute to obtain their information, after having been trained in Underground movement duties. This was carried out on Wentworth Golf Course, near Virginia Water. Here the guests are watching the Briefing Officer (standing next to table in centre) giving instructions to members before despatching them on their task. This was an exercise to show something of the hazards members of the Forces had to undergo

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LATEST SELECTION OF NEW BOOKS

"How Great China Is"; Wartime Naval Personalities; A New American Thriller; Germany's Political Future; Blackbirds and Gardeners, Herbs and Hotels

MR. ROBERT PAYNE is a young writer who has already given proof of his ability in such stories as *Singapore River, David and Anna* and the *Chinese Soldier*. He has now published **CHUNGKING DIARY** (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), which is a very long and full account of his life in China since January 1942, when he went as *Times* correspondent to the Changsha front.

The book has that kind of formless continuity which is to be expected in a diary, but the author's main theme runs through the whole book like a scarlet thread: how great China is: how spiritual and lovely her people: China will never die.

First he saw Kunming, a beautiful city of red and pale biscuit colour. Then he went to Chungking, which he grew to love more slowly, for the old city has been completely destroyed and the new, makeshift houses are ugly. After much wandering and observation, during which he covers the third battle of Changsha for *The Times*, the author arrives at Pei-pei, where he teaches English literature at the University, evacuated from Shanghai.

From this point he begins seriously to discuss and assess Chinese learning and learned men, and from

THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE threatened by fire: When approximately twenty acres of Bockhampton Heath, near Dorchester, caught alight recently, the fire threatened this picturesque house where Thomas Hardy was born in June 1840. Hard work by the fire-fighters, consisting of the N.F.S., Army, Air Force and Land Forestry workers, prevented the destruction of this historic place. Members of the N.F.S. are seen playing their hose on the thatch of the house

then on most of the diary is on that level. In an interesting discussion, *à propos* of the great movement of the Chinese people from east to west, a young Ministry of Education official says: "It was worse in the Sung dynasty, and it was still worse when Confucius was living." Yet all these Chinese scholars seem to feel that their sacrifices have been worthwhile, and that what they are now doing is worthy of them.

In his discussion on Chinese and English poetry (incidentally, Tennyson seems to him to be the most Chinese English poet), Robert Payne reproduces some really beautiful work in translation. Although, in my opinion, *Chungking Diary* could, with advantage, have been cut considerably, I must admit that its interest seldom flags.

In **SEVEN SAILORS** (Collins. 12s. 6d.), Commander Kenneth Edwards, R.N., presents pen portraits of Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, Captain W. G. Agnew, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, Rear-Admiral L. W. Murray (Royal Canadian Navy), Captain R. St. V. Sherbrooke, V.C., Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Syfret and Rear-Admiral T. H. Troubridge.

The stories of these gallant sailors make a comprehensive survey of almost every phase of activity of the Royal Navy in this war. The spotlight of their personalities lights up the details of nearly all of the famous actions, from the *Graf Spee* to the Normandy landings. It is a book which will live long in the glorious annals of the Senior Service.

ORCHIDS TO MURDER (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is as American as its title, and a very competent, if not a very chilling, "thriller." Its greatest attraction for me was in its characterisation and in the crisp reality of its dialogue. The behaviour of the suspects, and indeed of the murderer, is no more normal than one expects on these occasions, but they do at least express themselves consistently and conformably with the characters that the author has created for them. This is a tale of Manhattan mayhem, set in handsome apartments overlooking the East River and in those luxuriously converted brownstone houses that are at least as typical of New York as its spectacular towers. Mr. Hulbert Footner is an expert technician at this kind of thing, and his contrivances, checks and coincidences are engineered without apparent strain on himself, and with none to the reader. His story of a pretty and popular actress with one enemy, and that one a great deal too active, is certainly my choice for this week's best murder mystery, and excellent reading for the ghoulish.

In **AFTER NAZISM—DEMOCRACY?** (Lindsay Drummond. 10s. 6d.) four German exiles from

FRANZ LEHAR AND HIS WIFE seen at their home in Bad Ischl, Austria: The famous composer was recently visited by American Forces after the liberation of Austria. Franz Lehar, who was born at Komaron, Hungary, in 1870, became famous for his series of operettas, of which the most popular were undoubtedly *The Merry Widow, The Count of Luxembourg* and *The Land of Smiles*

THE FIREMEN AT WORK: Anxious villagers watching the fire-fighting operations at Thomas Hardy's birthplace. A monument erected in memory of the author can be seen in the background

Nazism expound their ideas about the most reasonable constitution for the Germany of to-morrow, the decentralisation of her administration, the principles of her future foreign policy, the meaning of democracy and socialism and individual freedom.

The four contributors to this symposium—Kurt Hiller, Walter D. Schultz, Hans Jaeger and Eugen Brohm—have, as their editor, Hiller, points out, a desire to see in Germany the realisation of an order of society based on the economic foundations of a Socialist State, which would ensure her progressive internal development and guarantee her peaceful attitude towards her neighbours. They are at one in insisting that such an economic order must not lead to the suppression of the liberty of the individual and the establishment of that enforced outlook which has been the characteristic of totalitarianism.

Assuming the Weimar Constitution to be totally inadequate to achieve this dual purpose, Hiller, in his essay, *The Problem of Constitution*, advocates collaboration between Germans, Russians and British, and the setting-up of a Socialist State which is representative of both Communists and Liberals, and which pursues an internationalist line.

Schultz, in his contribution entitled *Democracy, Freedom, Socialism*, while agreeing with Hiller's theory of zonal supervision, adopts a more humanist outlook, maintaining that political and intellectual freedom are an essential complement of economic reconstruction; and Jaeger, in *A New Form of Democracy*, suggests a Socialist plan based on council democracy and the federal principle.

Lastly, Brohm, in his *Democratic Foreign Policy*, reminds us that an enlightened handling of Germany's external relations will not be achieved until the Germans themselves have been re-educated.

Less formidable, but scarcely less interesting, are the following four books on diverse subjects. **THE BLACKBIRD**, by A. F. C. Hillstead (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), is a charmingly written and detailed account of the life and habits of one of our commonest British birds. It is written simply and directly, and is beautifully illustrated.

THE LAZY GARDENER, by F. C. Connelly (Faber and Faber. 4s. 6d.), is a valuable compendium which belies its title. It is, in fact, a concise guide to home food production on garden and allotment, and goes into a good deal of detail on the avoidance of rule-of-thumb methods.

HERBAL REMEDIES AND RECIPES, by Mary Thorne Quelch (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), is a brightly written guide to the antidotes to almost every form of ailment which can be found in the herb garden and brought to use in the kitchen. To select a few at random: how many people, for instance, know of the walnut cure for sore throats; that linseed helps to ensure easy childbirth; that dry sage and ordinary tea darkens grey hair and improves the growth; that feather beds cause asthma; that gooseberries cure jaundice; and that carrot tea alleviates gout?

Finally, Mr. Ashley Courtenay issues his 1945 edition of **LET 'S HALT AWHILE** (Simpkin Marshall. 6s.), which is a valuable guide to a choice of holiday places.

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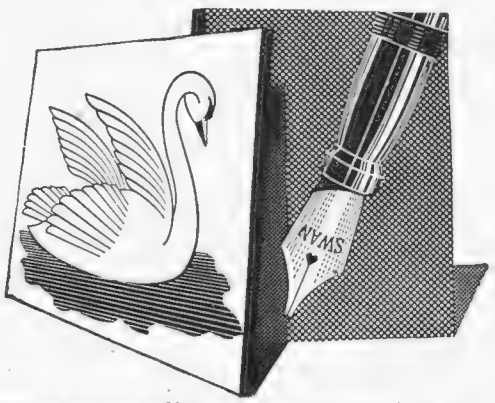

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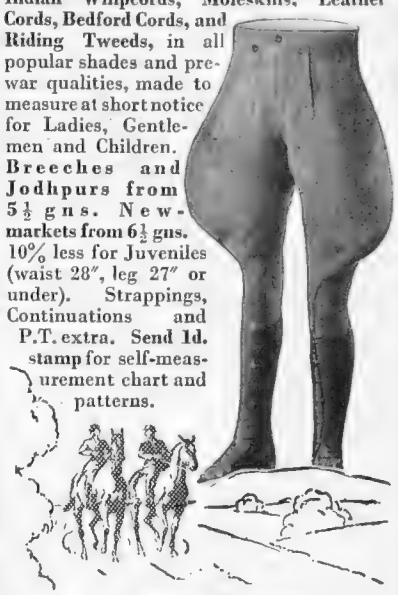

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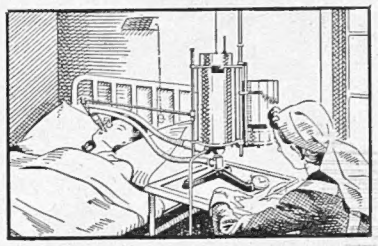
WHEN the danger mark in an illness is passed, your first thought is : " When am I going to get well?" The answer to that question depends largely on your metabolic rate.

What is your metabolic rate? Briefly, it is the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces it by absorbing nourishment from food. It might be called your " living rate."

After illness, your metabolic rate is slowed down. To get it back to normal, you need to absorb food to build up your energy. But this is difficult because, when your metabolic rate is low, your appetite is also poor. You simply can't face the food you need to get back on your feet again.

Breaking the Vicious Circle

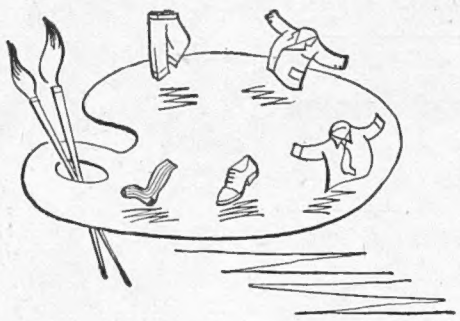
Doctors, however, have found a way to speed up the metabolic rate and break this vicious circle. They give you broths, soups, or meat extracts. In deciding which of these accepted preparations to take, it is important to know that *one* meat preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate: it is Brand's Essence. Clinical tests in a famous research institute have shown that, after taking Brand's Essence, the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.



Patient undergoing a test to measure her metabolic rate. Such tests, conducted by a famous research institute, have shown that Brand's Essence is more effective in speeding up the metabolic rate than any of the other preparations usually prescribed.

And once the metabolic rate is raised, your appetite returns. You absorb nourishment and speedily restore your body to full health and vigour. Don't delay your recovery a day longer than necessary. Take Brand's Essence. You'll find it tempting and delicious when other food is repugnant. 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE



Colour of things to come

In the years before the war colour played an increasing part in men's dress. Everything, from suitings to pyjamas, was to be had in a luxuriant variety of shades and patterns. War has put a brake on brightness—but peace will bring back with renewed intensity the desire for variety, and the skill to provide it.

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'GOR-RAY' *Skirts*

All the better for the "Zwow" Pocket

ISSUED BY C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA

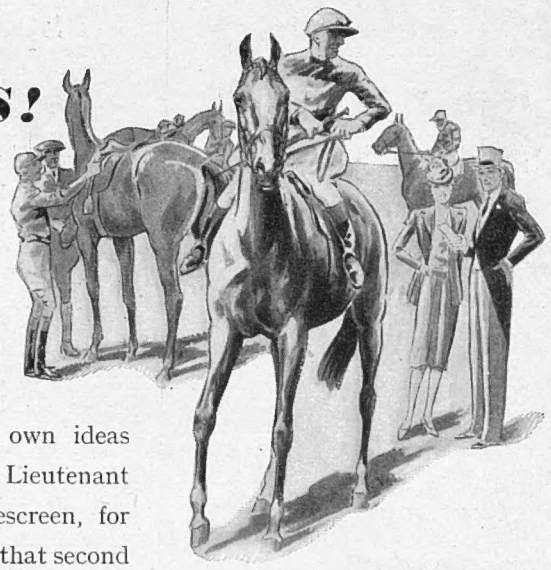
GOR-RAY 106C

ah! oh!
SOLO

SOLO MEANS REAL ORANGE JUICE

You'll see it again soon!

Here's to the lucky GROUPS!



And to all those beginning to plan their own private operations again. They deserve it, and each has his own ideas on the subject. Lieutenant Commander Smokescreen, for instance, assures us that second to none in his list of priorities is to stand in the Paddock again, sounding the form. "Now that the Kiel boys are in the bag," he says, "I yearn to hear 'Two to one, bar one!' bawled as it should be bawled. Just think of the glorious vista that lies ahead from the Spring Meeting at Newmarket to the Manchester November Handicap, with everything on all fours a potential winner And all the little meetings—Leopardstown, Lewes, Ripon, Thirsk! I ask you! But first of course, a much-needed day in dry-dock, at

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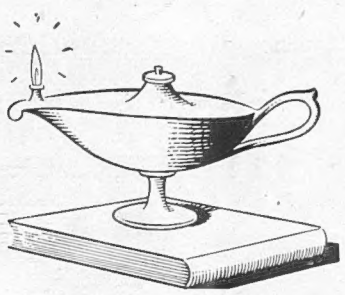

"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Whatever imperfections may have marred the Golden Age which philosophers and poets have delighted to imagine, nerve strain was not one of them. Nerve strain is a product of our modern civilization, and it has never been more widely prevalent than it is to-day. "In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors, "we have no more certain means of alleviating this strain than organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination". That is why they are prescribing 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for it is only in the form of 'Sanatogen' that these two essential nerve foods can be fully absorbed and assimilated. If you are feeling over-tired, run-down, on edge—ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

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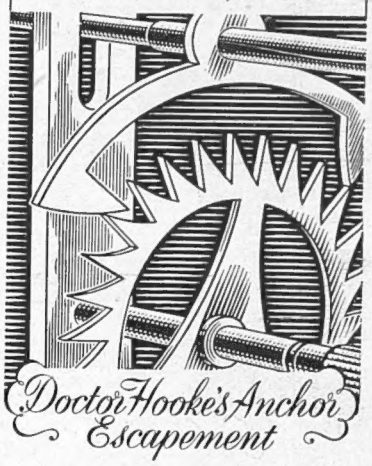

Doctor Hooke's Anchor Escapement

Although the invention of the anchor escapement is generally attributed to Dr. Robert Hooke, it was William Clement, a clockmaker of London, who, about 1676, first applied the invention to clocks. This ingenious mechanism made the clock an instrument of greater precision than formerly, so much so that it is used extensively to this day. It also reduced the space required for pendulum and weights, so permitting their encasement.

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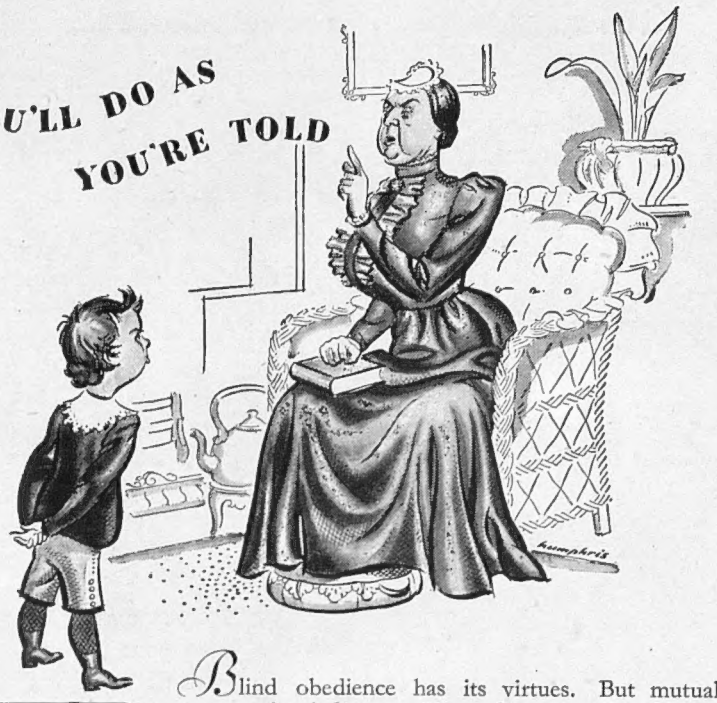

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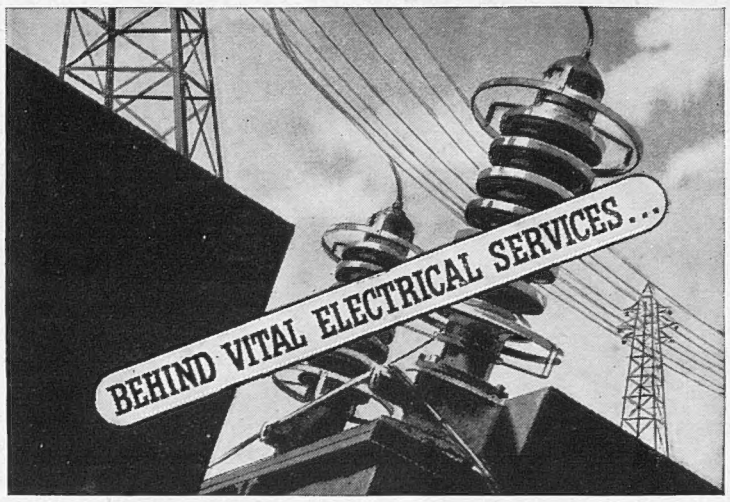

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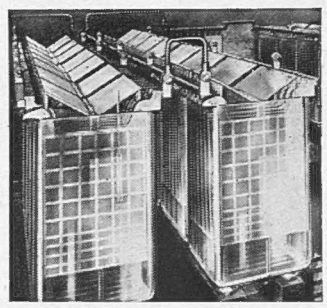

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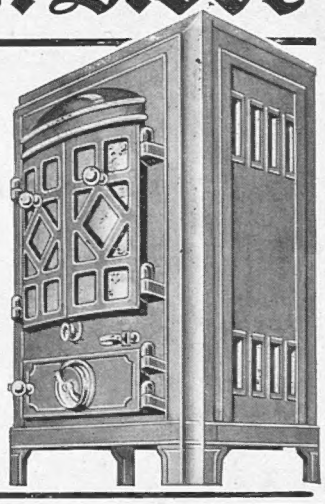

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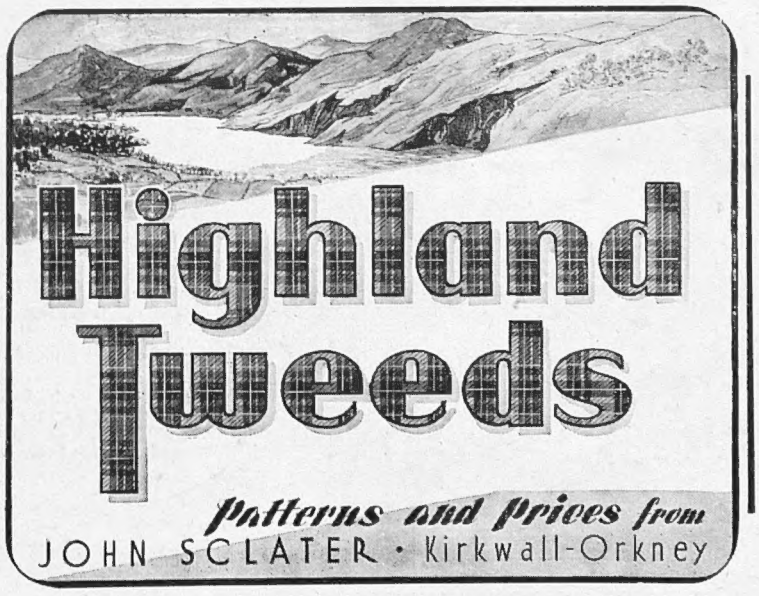

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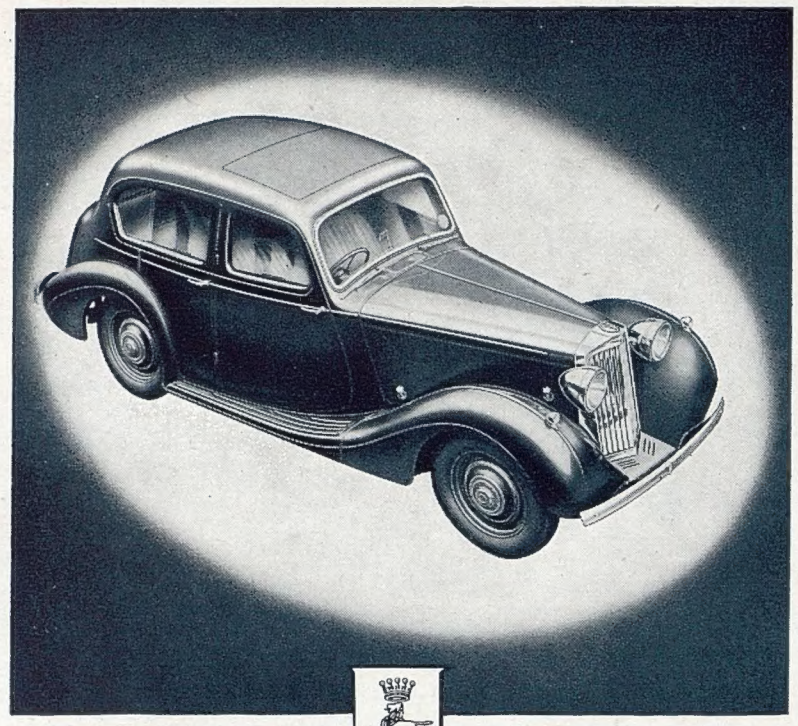

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